the ALTERNATIVE: AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

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Jimmy Carter: the Wonderboy at Midpassage

A conversation with **George Kennan**...*inside the* **Reagan** *campaign, by* **David Keene**...*David Levy on* **Karl Popper**...**Eugene Bardach** *on ecological jeremiads*...**Steven Munson** *on the bigotry of busing.*

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One Dollar

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

¶ September was a gaudy feast, luscious with the delectable offerings of many politicians, some newspaper pundits, and a host of international worthies. In progressive Istanbul two orthodox Moslems spotted antinomianism running rampant in their wives and blasted them into the happy hunting grounds. Both wives had refused to observe the fasting laws of the holy month of Ramadan, and one had been tardy about serving up the vittles when the holy month was over. In Detroit, Congressman Don Riegle declared categorically that newspaper reports claiming he had forged his estranged wife's signature to an income tax rebate check and pocketed the loot would not be an issue in his campaign for the United States Senate—a breathtaking ukase, but one the five-term Congressman is fully qualified to make, he being one of the first to sniff unethical behavior in the Nixon Administration and a man whose elevated moral sensibilities persuaded him to resign from the Republican Party in protest of its general turpitude and benightedness. At any rate he eventually forked over $2,000 to the lady upon hearing her lawyers growl.

¶ In a dizzy interview with *Playboy*, a family magazine published by the Lutheran philosopher, Mr. Hugh Hefner, Governor Jimmy Carter announced that he is the possessor of a sexually active heart. What is more it is given to lusting after women incessantly. Evidently the goatish ticker has caused Mr. Carter considerable embarrassment especially at official ceremonies in the Georgia governor's mansion where it would start lusting violently after women of all sizes, even during sessions of gubernatorial backgammon. Never did it lust after the male of the species, for as the Wonderboy pithily elucidated: "The issue of homosexuality always makes me nervous. I don't have any, you know, personal knowledge about homosexuality and I guess being a Baptist, that would contribute to a sense of being uneasy...To inject it [homosexuality] into a public discussion on politics and how it conflicts with morality is a new experience for me. I've thought about it a lot, but I don't see how to handle it differently from the way I look on other sexual acts outside marriage." So no men; but *women*, egads how it lusted. He has taken the matter up with close advisers, and *Playboy* readers were assured that "God forgives me." Apparently Yahweh is really a pretty good sport, and as for Jesus, well, according to Governor Carter, "Christ says, Don't consider yourself better than someone because one guy s----- a whole bunch of women while the other guy is loyal to his wife."

¶ Campaigning by both major candidates revved up in September. Mr. Carter attempted to gain wider recognition by making campaign appearances in many areas which he had hitherto neglected. Evidently the American people did get to know him better for his lead over President Ford diminished precipitously. On the evening of September 23 Mr. Ford and Mr. Carter met for their first debate; and in the fury of their oratory they burnt out a twenty-five-cent electrolytic capacitator in the ABC sound system, leaving them inaudible and less dangerous for a luxurious twenty-seven minutes. The debate was somewhat of a disappointment for the pundits who talked as though they were anticipating the prosopopoeias of Clay and Calhoun to stalk onto their screens, but the match had its moments. After all there was that historic point when the more forward-looking of the candidates gathered himself up and with courage and dignity thundered forth against one of the grimmest injustices of our era—the $50 Martini lunch! My nonpartisan scruples will not allow me to divulge the name of this patriot, but I will offer a hint: he is the only Baptist in the race whose mother joined the Peace Corps at the age of sixty-eight. Three days later an elderly Chinese couple residing in New York City burnt their life's savings of $75,000 and jumped from the window of their television room.

¶ In San Bernardino, California, Dr. John Werner, a radiologist convicted of paying an undercover agent a one-thousand-dollar down payment to murder his wife, Carmelita, is now suing the policeman for breach of contract. Much to the joy of local wowsers, smoking is to become *malum prohibitum* in Moscow's restaurants by order of the City Council—sad tidings for Moscow's restaurant habitués whose custom it has been to narcoticize their tongues with nicotine so as to insulate them from the horror of Soviet cuisine. American economic indices were flummoxed by news at the end of the month that the composite index of leading economic indicators was down 1.5 percent. Evidence that international markets also were in confusion came when Mr. Akepa Miakwe, a member of the illustrious Parliament of Goroka in the eastern highlands northwest of Port Moresby, Papua, complained that the price of skulls had risen to as much as $6,500! The same spiritual staple can be bought in San Francisco's Curios and Candles Shoppe for as little as $40!!

¶ American newspapermen were reminded of their country's shameful McCarthy period when it was reported from Kenya that Ugandan secret police have closed the Kampala newspaper *Munno* and tortured many of its reporters. Two members of Italy's Olympic swimming team were arrested while on a shoplifting tour of Rome, and South Cottonwood, Utah's celebrated Congressman, the Hon. Allan Howe, auspicated his reelection campaign by having a Chicago polygraph expert administer a lie detector test to him, which proved beyond a shadow of a doubt his childlike innocence. After being convicted this summer of having entered into a commercial relation with two policewomen posing as bawds, Mr. Howe felt some measure had to be taken to reassure his constituents whose confidence in him could not but be affected by: 1) his arrest and conviction, 2) mass resignations amongst his staff, 3) rejection of his candidacy by the state's Democrats, and 4) the arrest of his campaign manager on charges of merchanting marijuana—all in all a depressing string of setbacks from which only a man of Mr. Howe's gallant character could hope to survive. In Burlington, Colorado, Mr. Jim Gearhart, 99, celebrated the 25th anniversary of his first funeral, and the revolting fragance that has been dissuading customers from dining at Chez Raffatin et Honorine in Paris was explained when the *gendarmerie* discovered an ill-starred thief stuck in a ventilator shaft where he had expired some weeks before.

¶ According to a *People* magazine interview with ex-White House special assistant Mr. Stephen Bull, Mr. Richard Nixon actually "died" in 1974, "which I guess some people don't realize." A curious report that, and some are dismissing it as a ploy to attract interest in Mr. David Frost's forthcoming TV interviews with the fallen leader; but the more politically astute fear that the inscrutable Mr. Nixon is about to commence a career in modern Christian endeavor, preparatory to a 1980 campaign against President Carter. The nation's educators were heartened by evidence that college students are taking to their books with a renewed assiduity: thefts from college libraries have increased at all major campuses. The reactionary Illinois Parole and Pardon Board perfunctorily rejected Mr. Richard Speck's first bid for parole during a ten-minute hearing which managed to cram in an astounding number of cruel remarks about the aforementioned unfortunate. Italy's political stability was thrown into a pother when it was announced that pasta prices would increase. And Mr. Charles Manson, the California religious leader, battles on to clear his good name. His August announcement of having sent from his Vacaville residence a confidential "murder list" was fastened upon by many of his critics as an indication of criminal behavior, but the egg was on their faces in September when he wrote two friendly journalists a thoughtful letter explaining that "Murder is a penitentiary expression for stupid act, a slow reaction to something, a mental retarded expression. It doesn't mean a constant judge of character." The light dawns.

¶ On September 9 perhaps the greatest statesman since Adolf Hitler assumed room temperature—China's Chairman Mao Tse-tung. In his lifetime Mr. Mao was responsible for more bloodshed than Stalin. Across an area more vast than all Europe he created incomparable havoc; he stole billions of dollars worth of other people's property, sent barbaric armies marching in every direction, and immeasurably increased the wealth of world tension that we enjoy today. He was a poet, a metaphysician, and the pudgiest revolutionary of the century. How he got so fat no one knows, in fact no one even mentioned it in any of the recent eulogies about his revolutionary asceticism and egalitarian zeal. Nonetheless a plump little butterball was he, as can easily be perceived from almost any photograph of the great man. My suspicion is that he was not only a pathological killer but also a fanatical consumer of bon bons. His cholesterol count must have been terrific.

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EDITORIAL
by
R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

The Wonderboy at Midpassage

In an earlier era Jimmy Carter of Plains, Georgia would be devoting himself to procuring his eight-year-old daughter's first pair of shoes, a bottle of Peruna for a fat wife, and a dusty flivver for himself. At day's end he would withdraw to the humid coziness of the local Coca-Cola parlor, there to discourse upon the latest intrigues of the Popish camorra and to remain *au courant* with reports of frightening suicide rates experienced by misguided Negroes lured to the Sodoms of the North and taught to read. As the years ambled on, and his wife fattened, he would feel the itch of public service. He would compose diatribes about Demon Rum or the abominations comitted by hyphenates swarming into New York City. Folks would take note, and—if he were as gifted as he is now—one day he would hit pay dirt with a speech identifying Jesus Christ as the first Elk and be raised up to high public office. Eventually, he might even buy a judgeship from local Prohibitionists and so, midst the dust and the peanut vines, age in dignity until felled by a necrotic liver. All in all, a better Jimmy Carter, one more intellectual, more principled, intrinsically more interesting, and far less menacing to the Republic.

Yet Jimmy Carter is with us today, thirty years into the palmiest era of economic growth known to man. Materially he longs for very little. In his lifetime he has seen the wizardry of indoor plumbing come to his Plains, Georgia manse. The streets are paved, flivvers abound, the hookworm has been thwarted, and electric-powered gadgetry eases his worldly woes. The Pope's siege has been lifted, and all those mysterious scoundrels who denied him the fellowship of his black brethren gratefully vanished years ago. Yet he is bestirred by vast yearnings. Progress has invaded Plains, and with it has come the modern American system of values, a system esteeming only wealth and power and then only when amassed by those who pontificate against them. The old Southern values were a tragedy. They have been replaced by a farce.

In 1955 Jimmy was at one with thousands of other middle-aged American men: rich, saucy, ignorant, and bored. He had energetically thrown himself into making it; but once he made it, life lost its old lilt. The days became dull burdens. He took up square dancing, but it edified him not at all. He sought renewal in the stock cars, but the races always ended. Biographers tell us Jimmy and his wife even sought refuge from their existential travail in Americus, Georgia, where bowling alleys were plentiful, but the cosmic questions still swelled up, begging to be answered.

Finally there was that historic reunion with his sister, Ruth Carter Stapleton, wherein she explained that idiotic smile then continually disfiguring her face, causing dark speculations amongst the local Pharisees, and giving her family many alarums. According to Ruth, she had drunk of the blood of the Lamb and become a Bible-pounding evangelist learned in the ways of supernatural chiropractorship. She urged Jimmy to accept Christ into his heart. He felt a jolt and shortly thereafter became the peppiest species of Christian. He also took up politics, and so with these two mighty heaves illustrated that the Founders knew what they were about when they remonstrated against the mingling of Church and State. Something there is about the spiritual and the political that summons forth the petty tyrant and gives him large opportunities to work his philistine will upon his fellows. No pol since William Jennings Bryan has thrown both Holy Writ and Democracy into an assault on the citizenry. But when Sister Ruth elucidated her secret to Brother Jimmy, he saw its possibilities at once; the Wonderboy's scramble for power had begun, and it was to be astonishingly swift.

Grinning Dunce

Happily, the Great Emancipator had been a Republican, and when Jimmy chose his party the choice was both effortless and auspicious. He would be a Democrat. Such is the colossal good luck that seems to have hovered about him from the moment he foresook the bowling temples of Americus and took up public service. In 1966 he launched a preposterous campaign for the governorship of Georgia and was so easily defeated that a candidate less blessed by the good fairy would be esteemed for life as a laughing stock never to be taken seriously again. Yet, four years later, the grinning dunce of 1966 was again tramping through the Georgia back country; only this time everyone knew his name, and he had the endorsement of such worthies as the Honorable Lester Maddox and of such respected citizens' groups as the Georgia Ku Klux Klan. Even when he honeyfogled the most exalted strata of Georgian society, luck covered for him. Solemnly he would declare himself "basically a redneck," and no one in the audience would pause to question him about the five-million-dollar Carter fortune. He was a child of felicity.

Once in the Governor's mansion, his time was essentially his own; for the trickier questions of governing Georgia were then being handled by the federal courts. Jimmy had time to indulge his darker side by bickering with the state legislature and impersonating various Old Testament eminences. More importantly, however, he was able to assume ambiguous responsibility for governmental acts, while the courts did the dirty work. Ambiguity is today the essence of Carterism. Pretending helplessness in the face of a despotic judicial system, he has suavely assumed both sides of vexed issues like abortion and busing, apparently to the complaisant satisfaction of large numbers of voters. Such blatant dissimulations were rarely practiced so successfully before Jimmy rose up from the Georgian boondocks, but he had the good fortune to hold office in one of the first states governed by mandamus, and he quickly learned the usefulness of this democratic innovation. As judicial despotism overtakes the federal government doubtless many elected officials will emulate the Wonderboy's technique, but history will duly record that this was his discovery, a discovery made possible mainly by his fortunate origins.

Two years ago, when he kissed his mom bye-bye and struck out for the 1976 Democratic nomination, his luck remained golden; for in 1976—as in 1972—all the major contenders had again forgotten to study the abstruse nominating procedures of their party. Jimmy had studied them for months, and halfway through the primaries he was being touted as a political genius. Truth to tell, he harvests very few pearls from his noodle, and he made a pathetic spectacle of himself on numerous occasions; but his competitors were unhorsed by their own party's reform mania, and Jimmy—unblack, unyoung, and unfeminine—was sole beneficiary. Now all he faces is a party that has been decapitated, bleeds profusely, and is bereft of ideals and ideas. No pol in this century has been so favored by sheer luck, a matter that surely has not escaped the notice of Sister Ruth.

Yet few pols have ever been more banal, more tedious, and more stupendously uninteresting. Perhaps had Jimmy not so recently and thoroughly been deKluxed and debumpkinized there might be more to him. He might not be the near vacuum who now leaves almost every writer maundering. Yet modernity overwhelmed Plains, and Jimmy has been sanitized. Search the record, you will find not one diverting anecdote, nor one piquant quality in this essentially vacant man. He is all go-getter,

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George Urban

A Conversation with George Kennan

Is the West imperilled more by the Soviet threat or by its own decadence? Noted diplomat and historian George F. Kennan discourses on Western civilization, its underpinnings, its situation today, its future. His outlook is one of pessimistic optimism.

George Urban: *I am struck by a cluster of broadly synonymous words which occur in your* Memoirs *with remarkable frequency. They all have to do with your personal anguish at seeing the world, and especially the contemporary world, governed by myopia, ignorance, and folly; and they express your loneliness and helplessness in the face of so much, as you see it, avoidable evil. You are "totally caught...totally helpless...in black despair...horrified ...lonely...extremely lonely...afflicted by loneliness...profoundly depressed...vulnerable." You have a "foreknowledge of disaster"; you raise "anguished objections"; you feel "tossed" into some "impossible position between two worlds"; and you are overcome by a sense "of the enormity of responsibility and of our inadequacy to it."...*

The main source of your pessimism would appear to me to be the disintegration of our traditional order, going back, I suppose, to the 18th century. This would include industrialization; the urbanization of agrarian societies; the despoliation of nature; the degradation of taste; and the shallowness, and ultimately the disappearance, of religion as a public experience. In a revealing comment you speak of the "discomfort I experience in my status as a contemporary of the 20th century." You also tell us that "For years, Gibbon's dictum 'Under a democratic government the citizens exercise the powers of sovereignty; and those powers will be first abused, and afterwards lost, if they are committed to an unwieldy multitude' has lain at the heart of my political philosophy...."

Kennan: I am an American and, like all of us, and especially all of us who were born at the time I was born and brought up—before World War I—I grew up with a certain faith in American civilization and a certain belief that the American experiment was a positive development in the history of mankind, that it was a good thing that the United States had come into being and developed as it had developed. I now see all these assumptions crashing to pieces around us. I do not think that the United States civilization of these last 40-50 years is a successful civilization; I do not think that our political system is adequate to the needs of the age into which we are now moving; I think this country is destined to succumb to failures which cannot be other than tragic and enormous in their scope. All this, of course, is not an easy thing to live with.

—Isn't it especially difficult for one brought up in the traditions of a foreign service officer who must surely feel it incumbent upon him to represent, not only the interests, but also the character of his country?

Kennan: I have never shared a sense of shame about my country *vis-à-vis* other countries, which you see reflected in the American press and in the sentiments of a large part of liberal and radical youth, because I don't think we are that much worse than anybody else. I am in despair about this country, not so much from the standpoint of what it is doing to other people, which has not been that horrible, as from the standpoint of what it is doing to itself. This is what gives *me* a great sense of sadness.

But I don't see any wide appreciation of the self-destruction of the United States in the country at large—I don't see it in the press, not in the political leadership, not even in academic life. A few people—yes—and many who have misgivings of one sort or another, but there are very few people in this country who have taken the measure of the inadequacy, not just of our traditional institutions, but also of our habits of thought and assumptions.

Let me jump to a major conclusion: the older I get, and the more I occupy myself with the history of the past century in Europe and the United States, the more I am persuaded that the Industrial Revolution itself was the source of most of the bewilderments and failures of the modern age. This does not, of course, mean to say that there should have been no technological improvements in the early 19th century; but it does mean that the revolution in technology should never have been allowed to go uncontrolled as it did, that one should have examined each improvement in technology very carefully with a view to its total impact on society. I do not mean to reproach our forefathers; they were part of their time, they shared its scientific optimism, and they could not foresee the consequences of what they were doing. I am merely saying that I can't see the answer to the problems of modern civilization in the framework of our highly urbanized industrial society. This society bears the seeds of its own horrors—unbreathable air, undrinkable water, starvation—and until people realize that we have to get back to a much simpler form of life, a much smaller population, a society in which the agrarian component is far greater again in relation to the urban component—until these appreciations become widespread and effective—I can see no answer to the troubles of our time. →

George F. Kennan has had a distinguished career as diplomat and historian. He entered the United States Foreign Service in 1926, and in 1952 was appointed Ambassador to the USSR. He spent the years 1953-61 at the Institute of Advanced Study, Princeton, and from 1961-63 was Ambassador to Yugoslavia. His numerous works on history and foreign policy include The Realities of American Foreign Policy *and* American Diplomacy 1900-1950.

George Urban is a journalist and writer on contemporary history, who lives in England. His most recent book is Detente.

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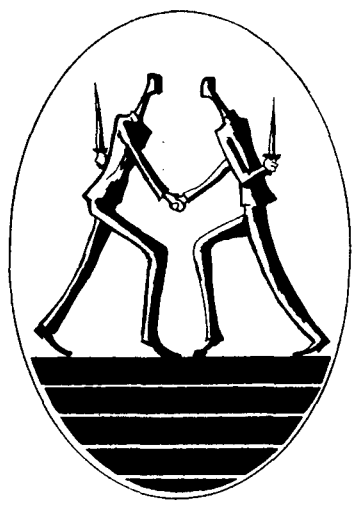
In this sense I am, I suppose, an 18th-century person, and I'm persuaded that those of our forefathers who had their roots really back in the 18th century had more convincing values and better tastes than those whose roots were in the society that issued from the Industrial Revolution. Statesmanship, even in the United States, up to the end of the 18th century was largely rurally based—it came from people with estates in the country who moved to the cities to do specific things for a limited duration. George Washington himself was a case in point.

—One of the dominant elements in your intellectual temper seems to me to be aesthetic. You are deeply revolted by every form of ugliness, bad taste, and (my linkage is deliberate) disrespect of tradition. Again and again you plead in your books for the "recognition that if great masses of people are to be elevated out of degradation or vulgarity it is important that some people should set an example of graciousness and good taste...." I am also struck by the preponderance of pastoral values in your personal aesthetics, and your portrayal of the good life in what one might call verbal tableaux of an idyllic, pre-industrial nature. And am I wrong to suspect that the tenderness with which you describe and eulogize the unsophisticated ways of the Russian people tells us something about the roots of your claim that you "had Russia in your blood," that there was "some mysterious affinity which I could not explain even to myself"? Was this affinity, I wonder, not really anchored in your yearning for the 18th century, which could be satisfied in the Soviet Union in the 1950s by simply observing and identifying with the life of the ordinary Russian?

Here, if I may quote from your Memoirs, *is George Kennan, United States Ambassador to the Soviet Union, describing, right at the end of Stalin's rule (July 1952), Russian life on the private garden plots on the edge of the city of Moscow:*



Everything takes place in a genial intimacy and informality: hammers ring; roosters crow, goats tug at their tethers, barefoot women hoe vigorously at the potato patches, small boys play excitedly in the little streams and ponds, family parties sit at crude wooden tables in the gardens under the young fruit trees. The great good earth of Mother Russia, long ignored in favor of childish industrial fetishes of the earlier Communist period, seems once more to exude her benevolent and maternal warmth over man and beast and growing things together; and only, perhaps, an American ambassador...is effectively isolated, as though by an invisible barrier, from participation in the general beneficence of nature and human sociability.

Kennan: I don't trust human beings to live successfully too far away from nature. We are all animals in part, and it does us good to be reminded of our affinity with growing things and the animal kingdom. I feel sorry for children who are brought up without any sense of intimacy with dogs and horses and pigs, because living near animals teaches us something about ourselves. A reasonably close contact with nature seems to me one of the great sources of psychic health. Some people would deny that and say: "The country people are just as crazy as anyone. Their vices may be different but that makes them no less reprehensible." There is something to that, too.

But speaking for myself, I cannot help but long for that kind of life. I am not an urban person, and I don't trust the great urban environment, especially of the contemporary sort. It is a fearfully polluting environment; the mere sewage that flows from our great cities is becoming a world problem. I don't think men were meant to live in such monstrous accumulations. The railway-based metropolis of the 19th century—the old London, or Berlin, or Edinburgh, or Chicago—was a marvelous city, and I have a certain nostalgia for that. But I have no such feeling for the fragmented and dispersed urban sprawls of the United States of the 1970s. The railway by its very nature tended to exercise a discipline on human habitation. It united people around the railheads, causing these astonishingly creative concentrations—the 19th-century city—to emerge where everything from commercial to cultural life gathered in the vicinity of one or two natural points of arrival and departure. The motor vehicle carries exactly the opposite discipline: it tends to explode and fragment things—to reduce wholes into small pieces and to disperse these in every direction. You have only to look at New York which was a great and most enjoyable city sixty years ago; today it is unfit for civilized living.

There is in America hardly any countryside left in the social sense. The great cities impress their characteristics through television and the motor car. They spill out like some great, slow-moving flow of molasses all over the countryside and change its nature. This has been a deplorable development, and I hate to see other people, whether under the Communist slogan of abolishing the differences between the city and the countryside, or under the universal slogan of modernization, especially in the Third World, going the same way. It is an appalling regression.

—Isn't your critique of the big city really a critique of the degeneration, as you see it, of American society and culture? In Democracy and the Student Left *(1968) you clearly connect one with the other:*

I have the impression that the students who write these protesting letters are almost exclusively people of urban background, that student radicalism, in fact, is...an urban phenomenon....There is [in American culture] no strong and coherent religious faith, no firm foundation of instruction in the nature of individual man, no appreciation of the element of tragedy that unavoidably constitutes a central component of man's predicament, and no understanding of the resulting limitations on the possibilities of social and political achievement...[the student's] estrangement from nature, his intimacy with the machine, his familiarity with the world of gadgetry, and his total lack of understanding for the slow powerful processes of organic growth, all these imbue him with an impatience and an expectation of an immediate connection between stimulus and effect....

In many ways your strictures of the big city have been in line with the thinking of traditional American anti-urbanism. But I would now add that your emphasis, throughout your writings, on the inherently tragic element in human life, its finiteness and unpredictability, strike me as being "un-American," if you will; for it runs counter to the optimistic, problem-solving, this-worldly credo of American culture. I am not so much interested whether this is a genuinely untypical American attitude, as in the more personal question: Why should a distinguished American put so much stress on a clearly unanswerable aspect of the human condition? Or am I misguided in linking your attitude to the American background, and should I simply ask : why do you hold this particular view?

Kennan: This is a deeply personal matter and almost one of religious conviction. The greatest deficiency of Marxist thought, which, after all, has penetrated the consciousness of a great many people in Western society who are not aware of being Marxists at all, lies in the assumption that the ills of society can be cured by tinkering with social relationships. This error, in turn, flows from the fact that Marxists attach no importance, and indeed give no recognition, to the element of tragedy that is built into the individual human experience itself. When I say that, I am thinking of certain well-known facts: that there are such things in life as accidents and tragic illnesses; that the people we love don't die at the same time we do and *vice versa*; that there is bereavement; that people get old, that their power fails, that they have not accomplished what they would, and so on. No human life is without these tragic elements, and anyone who promises to create paradise on earth is perpetrating an inexcusable deceit. The Christian religion, whether one believes in it or not, had an answer to these problems of human exhaustion and failure; but the Marxist outlook does not, and this is its great weakness. It simply does not recognize the main problem in the lives of ordinary people.

—The fashionable thing among "progressive" intellectuals is to

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postulate the death of religion, especially Christianity, and to hope that a substitute ethic will somehow emerge from scientific humanism, ecology, emancipation, revolution, or some combination of these (a somewhat déjà vu *idea at least since the French Revolution). But I understand from those who have tried to live by such a new ethic in the communal colonies of California that, when put to the test, the substitute ethic shows itself powerless to influence the minds of people, and the cry soon goes up for some genuinely spiritual concept, or else the ethic degenerates into a quasi-religious worship of human idols.*

Kennan: As Dostoevsky and many others have pointed out, one has to be extremely wary of a secular idealism that does not plunge to the depth of this tragic element in human nature. After all, every totalitarian movement and every despotism in history professed to be serving the good of the people, while also saying that cruelty and beastliness were the means whereby the public good was to be achieved. I distrust people of good intentions who claim to be acting, not out of personl conviction, but on the imperatives of a superior order, for while they profess to love humanity, they are usually very uncharitable to those closest to them.

In practical life we must, on the strength of an entirely personal ethic, hold on to such elementary qualities as charity, decency, love, and a willingness to put ourselves in the position of the man in distress. All this may strike you as trite and unctuous, but I deeply believe that kindliness and generosity in our personal behavior, and a refusal to be beastly to others even by way of reaction, are both moral and pragmatic qualities of the highest order.

—Organized religion—whatever we may think of the weaknesses and hypocrisies of the clergy—has surely served us well, at least in the sense that it has been a constant reminder that the spiritual condition of man is, or ought to be, a central concern of our culture and society. I am reminded that in Dante's Commedia *the Vestibule of Hell is occupied by the Indifferent, those "Who against God rebelled not, nor to Him/Were faithful, but to self alone were true/...deep Hell rejects so base a herd...."*

Kennan: In Western Culture the churches have kept their eyes on the moral responsibility of the individual in the face of his own conscience. This is not to be taken for granted. It is absent from the Chinese-Confucian concept of religiosity where there is no sin, only indiscretion or impracticability. But in the West, both in the traditions of Christianity and Judaism, we have been brought up to feel individual responsibility.

There is, in the United States, no one to hold people to that today—the churches have lost the power to do so, the state cannot attempt to do so, and our two political parties would not know how to begin to do so. They cater to what is basest in the American electorate.

Can America Continue as a World Super-Power?

—No one is more aware than you that the internal American political process is diffuse, impenetrable, and chaotic; and that it is, from such a base, extremely difficult to pursue a consistent and effective foreign policy, especially vis-à-vis *a power that has a long-term strategy. We have, of course, been aware, at least since Tocqueville, that the political perspectives of democracy are always short-range and therefore debilitating. But this awareness has not helped us very much—rather has it added to our problems.*

Since World War II, an unfamiliar responsibility—world leadership—has devolved on American shoulders, but it would seem that neither the American people nor the United States government is willing, or indeed able, to do justice to it in terms of adjusting the American system to its requirements. Can the system be reformed with this end in mind? Is it, on current showing, likely to be so reformed?

Kennan: I can see no way in which the system can be reformed. I am afraid there is long going to be a tendency for individual legislators and politicians in this country to try to exploit the foreign policy process for their own domestic political ends. As long as they do this, they inflict a sense of incoherence on American foreign policy, because we are pushed into taking actions in the foreign field, not for their effectiveness in the matters with which they purport to deal, but for their ulterior function here at home. It is a self-defeating attitude which reminds me of the tennis player who takes his eyes off the ball because he is too conscious of the problem "How-am-I-going-to-look-hitting-the-ball?" instead of concentrating on what he is doing.

I don't take this to be a great black mark against America, or a sign of the inferiority of American society. If you are going to govern, from a single capital, an area as large and variegated as that which constitutes the United States—everything from Florida to Alaska, and from Northern Maine to Southern California—the only way you can govern without coercion is by a never-ending, elaborate series of compromises between political groups and lobbies; and this method of governing the United States is quite possibly better than the alternatives would be.

But if that is the only way the country can govern itself, then it ought to recognize that this places certain limitations on what it can hope to do in the field of foreign affairs, and that its policy should be a very restrained one.

I do not like the word "isolationism" because it has connotations that are too extreme; but I would say that such a country ought to follow a policy of minding its own business to the extent that it can. When I say I am an "isolationist"—which in a sense I am —I do not advocate that we should suddenly rat on NATO and abandon our West European allies. I don't even mean that we should do anything abruptly to curtail our commitments anywhere. To do so would be a new offense in its own right. But I do feel that we should not accept new commitments, that we should gradually reduce our existing commitments to a minimum, even in the Middle East, and get back to a policy of leaving other people alone and expect to be largely left alone by them. We greatly exaggerate the hazards of doing so. Even when people talk, as they now do, about the consequences of Soviet interference in Angola, the dangers of what is really involved in Angola for the United States are egregiously exaggerated. It may be there are dangers for the *Angolans*; but for us the dangers are not significant.

—Don't you think this kind of attitude would leave the world wide open to Soviet territorial and political expansionism? Wouldn't it, above all, deliver Western Europe to the Soviet Union?

Kennan: We should not cut our commitments to Western Europe abruptly. But Western Europe has, since the War, leaned on us more heavily than is good for Western Europe itself. We have been a form of escape for our European allies. They have seen us as saving them the necessity of having a policy either towards Eastern Europe or Germany, which is, of course, very agreeable to them; but it must now end. A gradual American withdrawal, and a gradual assumption of much greater responsibilities by the West Europeans for what is, after all, principally their own defense and political future would be all to the good.

—You don't think a "Finlandization" of Western Europe would eventually result from granting the Soviet Union what it would probably interpret as an unlimited right to prospect the world for influence?

Kennan: The comparison that has been drawn between Finland's position *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union and that of Western Europe is neither fair to the Finns—whose position is not all that weak or humiliating (they have materially *increased* their freedom of action in the last 25 years)—nor is it fair to Western Europe, because the latter's relationship to Moscow rests on wholly different geopolitical, demographic, and economic realities than that

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of Finland. There is, for example, no reason that I can see why Western Europe should not put up a respectable conventional force of its own. In terms of population and industrial potential, Western Europe is at least fully equal to the Soviets. That it hasn't the military muscle which it ought to have is entirely due to a lack of political will. Western Europe is far too addicted to its material comforts, and values prosperity far too highly, to make the necessary sacrifices. But if that is so, "Finlandization," if it ever comes, will be a self-inflicted wound.

You talk about the defense of Western Europe—I am wondering whether "defense" is the right word, and whether the greatest danger to Western Europe is not within itself, for the general decadence of Western European society is one of the most tangible realities that hits even a fleeting visitor. I won't go into details, but let me just mention a random sample of ominous developments such as the inability of Britain to improve its industrial productivity which is, incredibly, less than half of that of Germany, and to put the British trade union system on a modern footing. I am equally amazed by the inability of Denmark and Holland to put an end to the pornographic invasion that has overcome them. This betrays a terrible lack of self-confidence and a total confusion of values. The same thing is true of the German student disorders which still remain a serious matter in a number of universities. And what is one to think of the failure of the Berlin Senate to prevent the destruction of the Free University? The challenges are brutal and ubiquitous, the responses pitifully feeble or nonexistent. Western Europe has lost a sense of the fitness of things, and that *is* the meaning of decadence.

I sometimes wonder what use there is in trying to protect the Western world against fancied external threats when the signs of disintegration within are so striking. Wouldn't we be better advised if we put our main effort into making ourselves worth protecting?

A couple of years ago, in the course of our usual summer cruise in the Baltic, my family and I put in at a small Danish port which was having a youth festival. The place was swarming with hippies—motorbikes, girl-friends, drugs, pornography, drunkenness, noise—it was all there. I looked at this mob and thought how one company of robust Russian infantry would drive it out of town.

Now many of these fellows would change their spots and prove very valiant people indeed if you appealed to them and presented to them a cause they thought was worth defending. But many of them would not be able to—many of them are too run-down by drugs and the other effects of a permissive physical life.

—Calls for social and, really, spiritual regeneration are never absent from your writings; and, personally, I find them difficult not to go along with. But such calls, while fully justified, tend to divert our attention from what we have to do right now in an unregenerate and ugly world, but the only world we have. Will Soviet power wait for our moral renewal?

Kennan: The Russians are not in a good position to take advantage of our great weaknesses today. They have troubles of their own, enough to keep their attention riveted on other things (I need not rehearse what they are). So I don't think they will capitalize in the near future on the disturbing state of Western Europe. But let me remind you that Western Europe's troubles are not only of a moral and cultural character. One has also to take into account the state of Italy which is almost incapable of governing itself; the disarray and uncertainty all over the Iberian Peninsula; the conflict between Greeks and Turks; and the approaching crisis in Yugoslavia with Tito's death. In the face of all these predicaments affecting the non-Soviet part of Europe, I wonder whether there isn't a certain misplacement of emphasis on the external dangers which are said to be threatening Western Europe.

—The net effect of what you are saying is: the United States is congenitally incapable of performing a consistently sustained world role; Western Europe, which is decadent and sunk in self-seeking materialism, is hardly worth defending. In any case, the external dangers are (you argue) probably imaginary, whereas the internal ones are real.

But let me assume two things. First, that the Soviet leaders mean what they say when they tell us that they have every intention to exploit the crises of Western society and to support, wherever they can, wars of "national liberation." Secondly, that Western society will, in the short run, not change significantly enough to introduce a fundamentally new element into the East-West relationship. If all this is true, doesn't your attitude amount to a kind of political quietism which would, in effect, mean handing a world hunting-license to the Soviet Union?

Kennan: I don't believe it does. The ideological approach of the Soviet Union is at least 70-80 years out of date and has very small appeal anywhere. Portugal has furnished an important lesson: it has shown that we have come a long way since 1917—we are not going to have a repetition of the October Revolution, we are not going to have a Bolshevik seizure of power in any of the West European countries. The extraordinary resistance put up by the Portuguese Socialists shows that even in a country as poor as Portugal and as lacking in democratic tradition, a totalitarian take-over can be, and was, effectively resisted.

It seems to me that the future of Western Europe lies along moderate socialism, and this socialization of Western Europe harbors dangers for the Soviet Union: the example of the West European nations opting for a generally socialist line of development and detaching themselves from the United States will put great strain on the Soviet hold over Eastern Europe. The East European governments, particularly those straining for greater freedom from Soviet control, are going to say: "Why must *we* submit to this? Europe is no longer in a state of militant confrontation. Most of Western Europe is socialist. The United States is no longer there as a great imperialistic power. There is no more justification for the Soviet control of half of Europe...." The disarray in Western Europe is bound to unleash disarray in Eastern Europe; it cuts both ways.

—It may or it may not. American power, or NATO power, has not been able to stop the rot in Western Europe, whereas Soviet power has, brutally and repeatedly, stopped the disintegration of Eastern Europe and is, under the banner of proletarian internationalism, or some other slogan, certain to do so again, no matter how "socialist" Western Europe may become. In any case a significant loosening-up of Moscow's control of Eastern Europe does not at all appear to be an American priority.

But to come back to your point: what you are implying is that the age of faith has come to an end both in the East and the West—on our side, a profound skepticism has destroyed our adherence to formal religions and undermined our trust in the values, tastes, and sensibilities of what has traditionally been regarded as European culture. In the East, the appeal of Communism as an ideology is utterly exhausted. We are, then, talking of the clash of two secularisms, each groping for a new guiding principle.

Kennan: We are talking about the disintegration of both militant faiths and strong ideological beliefs; but we are also talking about the disintegration of the old forms of great-power imperialism. I don't believe in the ability of the Russians to control Western Europe. They just would not know how. They are too crude and clumsy for any such exploits. Such indeed is their lack of sophistication that they have great difficulty in controlling even those parts of Europe which are under their hegemony.

By the same token, I don't believe in the ability of the United States to control any great part of the world. When people speak today of the Russians "getting" Angola, I don't know what they mean, any more than what they meant when they talked of our "losing" China. Nobody but the Angolans will make anything out of Angola—least of all the Russians with their multiple handicaps, especially in an African setting. No one can seriously believe that Angola will be turned into a Soviet republic on the Uzbekistan model. With the exception of Eritrea, the Russians have had nothing but serious reversals in their African policies. So it is up to us to grasp the nettle and tell the world that we are willing to leave such territories alone. We should come out firmly and frankly in the United Nations and say: "We are prepared to have nothing to do with this area. There will not be one penny of American money, not a single American rifle sent to Africa. The CIA will leave it totally alone on the assumption that the Soviet Union will do likewise...." I think we could, with such a policy, put great pressure,

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through African opinion, on the Soviet leaders.

—I find your trust in the power of example most appealing, for it assumes the basic goodness and rationality of man; but I wonder whether there is room for this kind of sentiment in the hard world of international competition. Can you see professional revolutionaries of the stamp of Stalin, or Lenin, or even of the present conservative but expansionist hierarchy, being swayed by this kind of consideration? Their reaction would not be that the Americans have shown a noble example which they (the Russians) must follow, but rather that American capitalism has become so weak-kneed that they may safely push ahead wherever opportunity beckons.

I do, of course, realize that the idea of setting the world an example by our Western works rather than power, and the related notion of passive resistance, are basic to your approach to international affairs. They were there in your 1957 BBC Reith Lectures, where you said that in the event of a Soviet-American disengagement, European defense should be based on paramilitary forces on the Swiss territorial model:

> The training of such forces ought to be such as to prepare them not only to offer whatever overt resistance might be possible to a foreign invader but also to constitute the core of a civil resistance movement on any territory... overrun by the enemy....

And on nuclear competition you said:

> Let us divest ourselves of this weapon altogether; let us stake our safety on God's grace and our own good consciences and on that measure of common sense and humanity which even our adversaries possess; but let us at least walk like men, with our heads up, so long as we are permitted to walk at all.

Am I right in detecting a puritanical sense of guilt in all this—a feeling that America is too rich, too powerful, too vulgar, too brash, and eo ipso*: guilty? Guilty, above all, because it has not suffered where others have suffered, and has yet to be brought low before it can join the rest of mankind?*

Kennan: Possibly, possibly. My main reason for advocating a gradual and qualified withdrawal from far-flung foreign involvements is that we have nothing to teach the world. We have to confess that we have not got the answers to the problems of human society in the modern age. Moreover, every society has specific qualities of its own that we in America do not understand very well; therefore I don't want to see us put in a position of taking responsibility for the affairs of people we do not comprehend. I would like to see us influence the world, if we can, by the power of our example to the extent that other people wish to follow it and find it applicable to themselves. But I have, as you know, always very emphatically rejected the concept of the universality of the American experience. Our national experience was never shared by any country and will never be shared by any country in the future. Never again will it be given to a national society to develop a vast, unpopulated area in the northern, temperate zone of the world. Think of the potential wealth of this continent, and the way in which people harnessed it to their needs, and also devastated, by their greed, its lakes and forests and seaboards. All this wealth and space presented possibilities in America which have made the American outlook unique, and therefore inapplicable to any other society.

—In a sense I am more worried about your insistence that the United States has nothing to say to the world than by the nature of the American system which, as you say, inhibits the United States from putting across whatever it may have to say to the world. After all, the latter may *be open to reform, whereas the evaporation of American self-confidence is probably beyond repair in the foreseeable future.*

What I have more particularly in mind is something you have, I know, always roundly condemned: the idealistic, moralizing streak in the American self-image and American foreign policy. While, in 1976, this may strike one as arrogant or unsophisticated, it has, in the past 150 years, certainly been one of the great assets of American foreign policy. The examples one could cite to support this assertion are so numerous, especially from Czarist Russia and Eastern and Southern Europe, where the promise of America was most widely appreciated, that I shall simply state the fact, wondering whether, if your policy of what one might call American "self-containment" were here to stay, the United States would not be depriving itself of its entire historic magnetism.

Kennan: If the idealistic component in American policy *has* ever been a force in its own right, it has been confused and really nullified by the crimes and mistakes of recent years: by Vietnam, by the stupidities of the CIA, by the violation of the democratic process as witnessed by Watergate, and so forth. It would take a long period of withdrawal, a quiet time of minding our own business and rethinking our national purpose, to persuade the world that we had, *if* we had, anything worthwhile to say to it.

Cold Warrior or Revisionist Historian?

—You have not quite satisfied my curiosity whether the symbiosis in your writings of the "Cold Warrior" and the "Revisionist" historian (and I am using both labels, faute de mieux*, with great reluctance) is sufficiently explained by a kind of sublimated gut-reaction on your part to the conventional wisdom of authority. Let me mention, by way of an example, the incongruity which exists between your "long telegram" in the winter of 1946, and your 1952 dispatch "The Soviet Union and the Atlantic Pact." Clearly, you did not suffer fools gladly, especially those set above you in the hierarchy; and I think it is fair to say that you were, by temperament, a "resigner." Do these factors tell us the whole story?*

Kennan: No, they don't. I would not want you to think that the incongruity which you notice stems from some perverse obstructionism, or one-upmanship, on my part. Let me explain what the incongruity was about, and why each of the two, seemingly irreconcilable, strands of my argument was entirely justified in the context in which it was put forward.

Under the Roosevelt administration, both before the War and during the War, there was a wide measure—and for many of us who were serving in Moscow, a disturbing measure—of naivety and shallowness in the judgments of our governmental leaders with regard to the Soviet Union. This, we felt, was a danger of great seriousness which we had to combat. Soviet-American relations could not be dealt with by those easy and really childish methods which commended themselves to FDR; that is to say, by one-sided American gestures which were expected to appeal to the Soviet leaders, and especially Stalin, personally. (I was shocked to discover that Roosevelt had at one point invited Stalin to involve himself in American domestic politics by sending Stalin a private request to dissuade the United States Communist Party from supporting him at the presidential election lest this support should prove embarrassing to him.)

In the immediate postwar period, when I wrote my "long telegram," I was especially concerned to bring our people in Washington to understand that, before they could effectively deal with the Soviet leadership about the future of Europe or anything else, they would have to prove to it that we would not allow Moscow to win by methods of infiltration and concealed aggression—that the West had sufficient virility, sufficient firmness, and sufficient self-confidence to prevent itself being undone by those means. In the latter part of the War we had led Stalin to believe that Western Europe was being reduced to so pathetic a state in terms of military and economic power and self-confidence, and that the United States was motivated by such a sweeping naivety with regard to Soviet power, that without any further military action at all, the Soviet Union could soon eliminate the United States from the

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whole Eurasian landmass and pretty much have its own way throughout the world. It was clear to me that, so long as the Russians entertained such ideas, we had no hope of dealing with them effectively. Therefore, in 1945 and 1946, I urged Washington to stiffen up and disabuse Moscow of these illusions because I was convinced (and I said so in my dispatches) that only when we had proven to the Russians that they could not get what they wanted without dealing with us, would they consent to deal with us.

The effort to enlighten the United States was almost more successful than I had supposed. (I do not, of course, credit myself personally with that success because American opinion was in the process of undergoing a profound change which had deeper reasons.) By the winter of 1947-48 the success of the exercise was amply demonstrated and the psychological triumph of the Marshall Plan clinched that demonstration. It was my expectation—and I believe I can speak here for my late colleague, Chip Bohlen—that once we arrived at that point, we would sit down with the Soviet leaders and talk to them about the future of Europe in order to see whether we couldn't get some agreement on a general withdrawal of their power and our power, but on terms which would make it possible for the rest of Europe to live.

At that point I found that I had, so to speak, oversold my bill of goods, that our people had become so persuaded of the hostility of the Soviet leaders that they would now wholly dismiss the idea of ever dealing with them about anything. We had many people here, of whom John Foster Dulles was one, who felt that the only way in which we could ever make headway against Moscow was to develop enormous military strength and get the Soviets to do what we wanted them to do by putting them under threats and pressure. And I am fairly sure that the nuclear weapon, the possibilities and impossibilities of which everyone misunderstood except Stalin, encouraged this line of thinking. Washington was obsessed by the idea that the Cold War had to be thought of in exclusively military terms.

I was appalled by all this. I saw no hope in it, and I did not believe that we should take part in any effort to overthrow the Soviet regime. First, I did not think such an attempt would be successful; and, second, even if it were successful, I did not think we had an alternative to offer. In case of a full-scale war, complete victory was all but impossible, whether nuclear weapons did or did not exist. I was shocked by the simplicity of thought which was overtaking people in this country: they were putting Stalin into the image of Hitler, thinking that the Soviet threat was the same kind of thing the Nazi threat had been. Of course, it wasn't at all, and I don't think I need go into arguing why.

We were in the middle of the Cold War. My whole thought (to repeat a point I want to stress) in pleading initially for a firm Western stance was to enable us eventually to talk to the Russians so effectively that we could get them to withdraw from the center of Europe, for the Soviet presence there seemed to me catastrophic for the present and future of the entire continent. Well, I discovered to my horror (and I had the same experience with my Reith Lectures in 1957) that very few people in the Western world wanted to have the division of Europe removed. Most Western Europeans were still more afraid of Germany than they were of Russia, so that the division of Germany, with the United States holding the fort with its troops in Germany, suited them rather well.

This again was something I had to oppose—I never believed that the present division of Europe could be a lasting arrangement, and I stated my reasons for saying why it could not in my Reith Lectures; and even today, I can find very little to fault in them. One reason was the impossible situation of Berlin. But there was also a deeper reason, which few have consented to recognize down to this day: even if we do accept the division of Europe (as apparently we do) with very little concern, we cannot be sure that it will be at all times acceptable to the people of Eastern Europe. We have already had two extremely serious warnings, in the Hungarian revolution and the 1968 Czechoslovak events, to mention only two of the major upheavals—and, you know, one isn't often given more than two warnings in life. What are we going to do the next time there is trouble? What is our policy going to be if one of the East European countries does manage to free itself from Soviet tutelage? As things are, we won't have any policy for it—we won't have any place for it. To take it into NATO would be to make a military demonstration against Moscow, which Moscow can't accept.

—After your Reith Lectures, Raymond Aron said in a famous symposium that Europe could put up with an absurd or even with an unjust situation, but it could not put up with an ambiguous situation. As (Aron said) the division of Europe was absolutely clear-cut and the absurdities were well respected, the division was acceptable. This is a stance which ignores the restiveness of the East European nations and tacitly assumes that if restiveness were to lead to renewed trouble, the Soviet divisions would act as they always have done, and the West would remain as inactive as it always has been.

I notice that Dr. Kissinger, speaking with the voice of Helmut Sonnenfeldt, appears to have more complex thoughts about the division of Europe. He does recognize that the strained relationship between the peoples of Eastern Europe and Moscow is a great source of instability in Europe, and a greater danger to world peace than the conflict between East and West. He notes that the Kremlin has not been able to acquire any "organic" sense of loyalty in Eastern Europe, and that it relies, therefore, on the presence of sheer military power. He cautions against any excessive zeal on the part of the United States to jeopardize the chances of a more organic relationship between the East European nations and Russia; and he expresses the hope that East European aspirations for greater autonomy, which he supports, will be contained within the Soviet geopolitical context.

You have just asked: how would the West react if some of the East European countries tried to liberate themselves from Russian hegemony? What is the political context in which you would visualize such a liberation?

Kennan: Look at what has already happened in Eastern Europe. The Yugoslavs have liberated themselves. The Finns, to whose plight the West Europeans love to compare themselves when they talk of "Finlandization," have, if anything, moved from a restricted sense of sovereignty to a much fuller sense of sovereignty, rather than the other way around. At one time the Minister of the Interior was a Communist, and the police were also under Communist control; but that is no longer so. Today the Finns enjoy complete freedom in their internal affairs. Look at what the Rumanians have accomplished. They follow in many ways, though not in all ways, a highly independent line. Or take Hungary, where the 1956 revolution, although ostensibly a failure, actually changed the internal situation materially for the better, so much so that in a curious way Hungary is leading a substantially independent existence under the Communist dispensation.

All these features are producing a state of affairs in Eastern Europe which is very different from what we saw there in the late 1940s and 1950s. Not only that, but we don't know what the future may bring. We don't know what sort of an impact the forthcoming change in the Soviet leadership is going to have on the sensitive texture of East European politics. Of course, nothing at all may happen. The party may hold together, younger men may be brought in without friction or upheavals, and so on. But, on the other hand, the denouement may be quite different. Things may occur which will suddenly confront Western Europe and the United States with the need to have something it has never had since before World War I, that is, a policy towards Eastern Europe, and a viable policy at that.

But these are not my only reasons for opposing the division of Europe. It is to me a tragedy that half of Europe is now constrained to live under a different intellectual and cultural discipline than the other half.

—So long as the system is not frontally provoked, Moscow's tactical permissiveness in Eastern Europe can go quite far. But as soon as it is thought that the system itself is challenged, Moscow clamps down with great severity. We saw this in 1956 and 1968. Today, the Rumanians have a certain license because their dissent is limited to foreign policy. Internally they do not challenge the legitimacy of the Soviet model of society; in fact, they are taking

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trouble to endorse it. Hungary seems to be a borderline case. There, under protestations of external and internal orthodoxy, a good deal of economic and cultural liberalism is tolerated. But one would probably do well to think of it as no more than a court-jester's license which stands to be revoked the moment it ceases to be a convenient way of relieving tension and begins to impinge on the system. (Whether, of course, the license could *be revoked is another matter.)*

Kennan: One thing that has been widely missed by people in judging events in Eastern Europe is the Russians' willingness to put up with a great deal in terms of internal change in these countries, even in a direction they might not approve of, provided it is done with a hammer from the top and without any suspicion of spontaneity from below. What they cannot tolerate, and I suppose this was one of the key elements in the Czechoslovak situation in 1968, is any form of spontaneous reform. They will, for example, permit the East Germans to put into effect economic reforms much more far-reaching than those which were envisaged by Dubcek, as long as it is done dictatorially—as long as the Party is seen to be fully in control.

—There is also the reluctance to see the client states acquire certain liberties and living standards which the Russians themselves cannot afford to have. If so, isn't Eastern Europe up against an immovable object? Won't East Germans, Poles, Czechs, and Hungarians, by virtue of their cultural seniority, always demand certain things which the Russians will not demand, much less achieve?

Kennan: The whole concept of Soviet hegemony over Eastern Europe is unsound even from the Russian point of view. Moreover, the prospects of a continuing Soviet hegemony there are undermined by the gradual loss of Soviet leadership of the world Communist movement: as the large West European Communist parties become independent from Moscow, the East European parties will have alternative poles of orientation. This could be very important.

For example, I am persuaded that the Yugoslav defection had a great deal to do with the fact that the Rumanians broke ranks on certain important aspects of Soviet foreign policy. Now if—and it appears not impossible—the Italian Communists came into a position of power, this would affect the parties in Eastern Europe even more forcefully. Given an ideological alternative, the East European Communists could claim a degree of freedom from Moscow without suggesting that they were "going over to the capitalists." They could argue: "We find this or that commendable in Chinese, or Italian, or French Communist ideas which we think we ought to be able to adopt. We are not departing from Marxism, and we are not joining the enemy...."

Let me say a word at this juncture about the intellectual background of the growing respectability of West European Communism. Take the French Communist Party. For a number of years it has been a party of protest, and it has occupied that part of the spectrum in French politics which is normally occupied by a strong movement of protest. But if you look at French politics as a whole, I am struck there too (as I am when I look at other parts of Europe) by the sweeping power of Marxist ideas among the student youth and intellectuals. Even a newspaper like *Le Monde*—one of the world's best papers—is now profoundly socialistic in spirit, and not just moderately socialistic, because whenever there is an issue between Peking or Moscow and the West, it instinctively supports the Communist side. I find this quite appalling.

—Doesn't this show that intellectuals are no better, even if they are perhaps no worse, than other mortals? That they are desperately in need of a small number of simple certainties....

Kennan: ...And they reach for the false ones if they cannot find genuine certainties.

—Marxism may be old-fashioned and irrelevant, but it has the soothing aura of faith, and that is what most intellectuals, and indeed most people, are really after. I suppose we are at heart all children grasping for father-images, and the worse the chaos around us, the simpler the images that attract us. That the decadence of our civilization should coincide with the infantilism of our political culture—doesn't this have an awesome appropriateness about it?

Kennan: I *can* explain the phenomenon, and yet I cannot really understand it. The naivety of Marxism-Leninism, and its irrelevance to contemporary conditions, have been so *amply* demonstrated at every turn! And yet, here you have a great section of German, and French, and Italian student youth violently exercised in its favor. Of course, there may be reasons for desiring a greater measure of *dirigisme* in public affairs in the Western countries; I want it myself for ecological reasons rather than social ones—so that may have something to do with it. But I am still amazed at the shallowness of understanding that animates even people in *Le Monde*, and the double standards they so liberally apply. Any regime that chooses to call itself Marxist can be sure that its brutalities and oppression will be forgiven, whereas any regime that does not is stamped as being of the Right, in which case the slightest invasion of the rights or liberties of the individual on *its* territory at once becomes the object of intense indignation.

It is a minor blessing that, after Hungary and Czechoslovakia, Moscow has never recovered its prestige in the eyes of the West European Communists and thus ceased to be the automatic beneficiary of the radicalism of the West European student youth. In fact, there has been a tendency for latter-day Western Communists to associate themselves much more with anti-Western, nationalist, left-wing movements of the Third World than with Moscow. Apparently the criterion of their affections is the degree of hatred of a given external movement for the West, and especially for their own societies. I asked a Norwegian student recently what it was that the radical students at the University of Oslo most admired—what did they look up to as an example of a hopeful civilization? After considerable brooding and thought-taking, he said it was...Albania!

Can one think of anything more miserable than the regime in Albania? Obviously there is not one shred of reality in this view—no interest at all in the objective truth about Albania. Albania is picked up simply because it seems to be a club with a particularly sharp nail at the end of it with which to beat one's own society, one's own traditions, one's own parents. This is a rebellion against Western Europe—it is not one in favor of anything much else...

Now this brings me back to a point where my own thinking parts company with that of the whole of the West European community, namely the question of nuclear blackmail and political/military pressure....

When we come to the question of conflict between the Great Powers, there is no nuclear war that could be other than catastrophic for all countries indulging in it; and I think the Russians are well aware of this. The last thing in the world they are going to do is to threaten other governments by saying: "You do what we want you to do or else we'll drop nuclear bombs on you." This is childish; no great government behaves in that way, and the Russians are not going to.

It is of the most profound importance that the proliferation of nuclear weapons be halted. These weapons, which are much too terrible to be in human hands—ours or anybody else's—must be eliminated from the spectrum of possible military instruments. I am deeply distressed that the United States government takes no helpful action along these lines. We could be much bolder, not so much in the negotiations, as in our unilateral policies. The nuclear weapon is simply not a rational means of political pressure or

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action. It is top-heavy and cannot be used for gaining political advantage except against people who, as Stalin said, have weak nerves.

—Are you advocating unilateral nuclear disarmament?

Kennan: Not all at once, or not without reciprocation, but if no one takes the lead in imposing self-restraint in the development of these weapons, we are never going to get any reduction of them by negotiation.

—You are a man of great goodwill and, at heart, an optimist, though a pessimistic optimist. You first talk of "great governments" which will not commit certain crimes because of some unspoken noblesse oblige *principle which is implied in your use of the word "great." Now you are assuming that the Russians would respond to our moral lead because they share with the rest of us some manifest desire to do the right thing by humanity. I can see no reason for thinking that the Soviet government, or any militant government with enormous power in its hands, has ever acted or would ever act like that.*

Kennan: We have to lead step by step, and unless there is a response, there can be no more concessions for the moment from our side. But you must realize that at the back of this whole great question of military competition, there is an even greater question which people very seldom ask themselves.

We are faced with two conceivable versions of catastrophe. One is a possible, but by no means certain, catastrophe in case we should militarily clash with the Russians. The other is an absolutely certain ecological and demographic disaster which is going to overtake this planet within the next, I would say, 60-70 years, but the effects of which will probably make themselves very painfully felt before the end of this century. The second of these two, if allowed to develop, may be final—there can be no real recovery from it. It is possible that some parts of humanity may survive it; but this would, at best, mean the beginning of a new Dark Age—all we have achieved in Western civilization over the last 2,000 years would be lost.

In the face of this crisis, which is predictable and now almost inevitable, how can we be so absorbed with the one that is not inevitable—that is to say, the nuclear conflict with Russia—that we concentrate all our energies on the latter? Compared to the dangers which confront us on the ecological and demographic front, the possibility of Soviet control of Western Europe, even if one thought that this was a likely thing to happen (which I don't) would strike me as a minor catastrophe. After all, people *do live* in the Soviet Union. For the mass of people there, life is not intolerable. The same is true in East Germany; the same is true in Hungary. It is not what these people would like; but, still, it is a way of living, and it does not mean the end of the experiment of human civilization; it leaves the way open for further developments. But from the ecological catastrophe that looms in front of us there is no recovery.

We have been putting the emphasis in the wrong places. We talk of saving Western civilization when we talk of a military confrontation with Russia—but, saving it for what? In order that 20 or 30 years hence we may run out of oil, and minerals, and food, and invite upon humanity a devastating conflict between the overpopulated and undernourished two-thirds of the world and ourselves?

—You have now put forward two powerful reasons for thinking that our concern to save Western civilization from any real or imaginary Soviet threat is misplaced and indeed erroneous. One is the decadence of the West: the disintegration of the moral fiber of society in Western Europe, and the inability of the United States to offer anything worth learning to the rest of the world. Your second reasoning claims that our entire preoccupation with the danger of Soviet expansionism rests on a false conception of priorities: the ecological disaster will be a certain disaster whereas the Soviet threat is contingent—it will probably never materialize, and if it does, we can survive it.

It does seem to me that the West cannot win in terms of either of your scenarios. Moreover, I would infer from the moral thrust of your reasoning that your tacit message is not only that the West cannot win, but that it doesn't deserve to win.

You have come a long way from advocating, as you did in American Diplomacy *(1951),*

> a policy of firm containment, designed to confront the Russians with unalterable counterforce at every point where they show signs of encroaching upon the interest of a peaceful and stable world.

Are you now really saying that the amount of freedom that exists, for example, in Hungary or Poland is enough to put these basically totalitarian states on a par with Holland or Britain, so much so that the whole concept of the defense of Western civilization is rendered hollow and (in the face of the possibility of an ecological catastrophe) essentially meaningless?

Kennan: Of course not. The differences exist and they are important. The decline of the West is not a fully accomplished fact, nor is our stumbling into this great physical catastrophe final. If we in the West could get over this fixation we have with the idea that the Russians are dying to drop bombs on us, and think, instead, of what is happening to our planet, and address ourselves, resolutely and rapidly, to preventing the catastrophe that looms before us, we would be doing a great deal better. You must remember that as far as the pollution of the earth is concerned, this is largely the work of the great industrial nations which are spread out around the fertile zones of the northern hemisphere. If they could be induced to behave differently, we would have a breathing space. Otherwise we are going to face irrevocable disaster. Aren't we, then (to repeat something that can never be repeated often enough) being unrealistic in the amount of attention we devote to protecting ourselves from the Russians who, God knows, are not ten feet tall, who have all sorts of troubles of their own, who can't run an agricultural system that really works, who can't adequately house their population, who are rapidly losing their prestige and leadership in the World Communist movement, and have to reckon with China on their long frontier in the East?

Show me first an America which has successfully coped with the problems of crime, drugs, deteriorating educational standards, urban decay, pornography, and decadence of one sort or another—show me an America that has pulled itself together and is what it ought to be, then I will tell you how we are going to defend ourselves from the Russians. But as things are, I can see very little merit in organizing ourselves to defend from the Russians the porno-shops in central Washington. In fact, the Russians are much better in holding pornography at bay than we are.

Please understand that, for purposes of argument, I am given to overstating a case. But isn't it grotesque to spend so much of our energy on opposing such a Russia in order to save a West which is honeycombed with bewilderment and a profound sense of internal decay? □

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David Keene

Why Reagan Chose Schweiker: An Insider's Account

The post-mortems on Ronald Reagan's vice-presidential choice have tended to focus on the angry reaction from Southern conservatives. But in fact if it hadn't been for the trouble Reagan was already having in the South, the campaign might have taken an altogether different course.

Was Ronald Reagan's choice of Richard Schweiker a mistake? A number of journalists and Reagan supporters argue that it was, and that it may have guaranteed the Governor's defeat in Kansas City. They maintain that by selecting someone so liberal, Reagan destroyed his credibility as a conservative leader and dealt a death blow to his campaign for the Republican nomination, particularly in the South.

Perhaps. We shall never know, of course, because you can play the game only once, and in a race so close as the Republican presidential nomination virtually any change in strategy might have made some difference.

I believe, however, that it is important to clear up some common misperceptions of the problems Reagan strategists had to grapple with in making the Schweiker decision. I was the Southern Coordinator of Governor Reagan's campaign, and the circumstances, as I recall them, were quite different from what most of the news coverage suggested. Newsmen tended to focus on the angry reactions by conservative and Southern Republicans, particularly Clarke Reed, Chairman of the Mississippi delegation and one of the most influential party leaders in the South. But as a matter of fact, if it hadn't been for the problems we had been having with Clarke Reed and other conservatives like Rep. David Treen of Louisiana, *before the Schweiker decision*, we might have taken an altogether different course.

Reed and I had known each other for a number of years. We had worked closely together in the past, and I considered him a good personal friend as well as a political ally.

But I knew before the Schweiker announcement that we were in trouble in Mississippi. In normal years, we might have expected to win all 30 delegates easily, for Mississippi is a conservative state and its convention delegation has traditionally operated under an informal unit rule that commits the entire delegation to the candidate supported by a majority of its members. This delegation, however, had been sloppily put together. Reed had believed—as I must confess we had—that the nomination would be decided long before Kansas City, and that he could therefore let just about anybody on his delegation. As a result, many delegates were loyal neither to Reagan nor to their own chairman.

Early in the campaign, Reed had personally indicated that he was with us, but refused to endorse Reagan publicly or deliver his delegation to us before the convention. I had urged him to do both in the spring while we were still ahead in most of the public delegate counts, but he told me then that if he tried, a few Ford supporters on the delegation might get upset and break the unit rule. Therefore, if he was to try to bring out his delegates he might only be able to deliver 25 or 26 and that, he assured us, would be viewed in the press as a victory for Ford, not Reagan. He was right, of course, since most people were assuming that we would receive all 30 of Mississippi's votes.

"Let me do it my way," he said, "and I'll get you at least 28 and possibly all 30." That very afternoon, I took the matter to campaign manager John Sears and outlined our options. We could ask the Mississippian to commit as many as possible right away (which I was afraid he might not be willing or able to do regardless of what he was saying) or we could trust him to handle things his own way.

Sears had only one question. He wanted to know if I thought Reed would in fact deliver for us later on. I remember hesitating for a few seconds, but I told him that I thought we could count on him. He had given us his word and I didn't think he'd break it.

My assurances were good enough for Sears. He told me to get back to Reed and tell him that we would be counting on him and that he could handle things his own way. I did just that, but added that we were both on the line. He because he had given his word and me because I had backed him up. He told me that he understood and that I had nothing to worry about.

Reed knew exactly what I was talking about when I said we were both on the line. He knew I would be taking some heat within the Reagan organization for backing him up—for trusting him. In Reagan's abortive campaign for the Presidency in 1968, Reed had let Reagan forces down after publicly hinting that he might join them, and some of the Governor's closest advisers were still a little bitter about it. Reed had never really been for Reagan in 1968 and certainly hadn't made any commitments. This time, however, Reed had made a personal commitment, and I was convinced that he would stick.

Meanwhile, it was becoming clear to us in the campaign that the race would go to the wire, and that the real pressure would begin only after all the delegates had been selected. The President's managers had never been able to handle our candidate very effectively in the primaries, and the fervor of Reagan's following even gave us an advantage in some of the convention states, but once all the delegates were chosen our running room would vanish. The President's people could direct all their attention for several weeks on a finite number of men and women, committed and uncommitted, who might be convinced, cajoled, threatened, or, yes, even bought.

The resources of the White House could prove unbeatable in such a contest and the President's people knew it. They began inviting delegates to the White House to see their President, to talk to Cabinet officers about pet projects and to impress upon them the majesty of the *Office* they were being asked to support. And they were beginning, by mid-July, to pull some of our own people as well as a number of the uncommitted. For the first time since March, we were on the defensive.

Clarke Reed realized about this time that if we didn't do something soon, we were going to lose—and the prospect of being on the losing side made him neither comfortable nor happy. We knew this and so did Clarke's old friend Harry Dent, a former Nixon operative from South Carolina, now working virtually full time in the South for the President. Dent spent a good deal of time during this period badgering Reed about how it felt to be backing a loser. It didn't feel very good and Reed began to show it—publicly. He knew he couldn't just break his private commitment to us—at least not without a good reason—but he began to move as far away from

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us as possible. He started telling reporters that our count was no good, that although he was leaning our way he fully expected Ford to win and, worse, that he wouldn't be at all surprised if his own delegation went for Ford.

This was devastating stuff. Harry Dent was already running around the South saying that Mississippi's 30 votes were going to end up with Ford and now Clarke Reed who everyone thought was a Reagan man was saying that Harry might well be right.

One has to know Clarke Reed pretty well to understand him most of the time, but the message coming across didn't need much interpretation—Reagan was slipping badly in the South.

While Harry Dent travelled the South, other Ford operatives were directing the attention of soft Northern delegates to Mississippi. "Better stick with the President," they were saying, "because Reagan isn't even going to be able to hold his base." They had a point.

In the South Dent was playing one weakness off against another. He would tell Reed that Reagan was slipping in South Carolina and Louisiana and that Ford was on the verge of picking up the votes he would need to lock up the nomination. His message was clear—join us now while you can still make a difference. Or get used to the fact that your 30 votes aren't going to matter and that there won't be any more invitations to State Dinners or informal calls from the Oval Office. Reed didn't want to get used to anything like that.

As soon as he finished one of his calls to Reed, Dent would call delegates in other Southern states with the corollary: Reed is about to jump so you'd better move first before it's all over and your vote doesn't matter.

The tactic hadn't worked by early July, but there were signs that our support was getting softer by the day. And delegates we were talking to in other parts of the country began to use Clarke Reed and our weakness in the South as an excuse to stay away from us.

The details of this period are important to anyone trying to understand the context within which John Sears and the rest of us were working. We knew better than anyone that our candidate was in trouble—that the whole thing was beginning to slip right through our fingers.

Thus it was that on Saturday, July 17, Andy Carter, the crusty, conservative former Goldwater hand who was serving as our Director of Field Operations, and I sat in John Sears' office nodding agreement as John ran through the situation with us and asked if we could think of any way out of our predicament. We couldn't.

We did explore, for perhaps the tenth time, the possibility of gaining delegate support at the convention by exploiting platform differences, but Sears was convinced that the Ford people would go to extraordinary lengths to avoid an "issues" fight. And we knew that such a fight would do little good in the fight for the "uncommitteds," who tended, if anything, to be more liberal than the average delegate. No, we were convinced that we would have to find something else.

Both Andy and I thought we were going to have to find it soon, too. We had already lost a couple of delegates in New York and Andy was convinced that a dozen or so in other parts of the country might move to Ford at any minute.

Sears agreed with our assessment of the situation, but insisted that we still had one card left to play: the Vice Presidency. He said he believed that if Reagan were to announce his choice for that office he could pressure Ford to do the same and thereby fracture the rather shaky regional coalition the President's people had managed to put together for him.

Sears had a point. Ford's Northeastern liberal supporters were scared to death of John Connally and they were afraid the President just might pick him. Many of them had already attended a "stop Connally" meeting hosted by Nelson Rockefeller in Maine and they had received assurances, both implicit and explicit, that they had nothing to worry about. But they were still worried.

They had reason to be. In the South Ford operatives were assuring delegates that they didn't have to worry either: Ford would pick someone they would like rather than someone who might appeal to the Nelson Rockefellers of the world. And those who wanted something a bit more explicit were told that it would probably be either Reagan (if he would take it) or good old John Connally. But they were worried too, because they suspected that they were being told something different than the Northeasterners.

Sears' theory, therefore, was that if we picked our man right away we could get a good number of Ford's people to start demanding that he do the same—if only to allay their fears. And if we picked the right man we might just crack his support. At the very least we would be off the defensive and that would in itself be worthwhile.

It was certainly worth a try in light of the nonexistent alternatives and the danger of letting things slide for another week, so we started going through the possibilities.* There was no obvious candidate for the job.

There was always John Connally, of course, but we'd all concluded that he would add little to a Reagan ticket. If our man was going to need Connally's help to carry Texas in the general election, he would probably be in hopeless shape almost everywhere. And we were convinced that outside Texas Connally could be a real disaster.

And there was Howard Baker of Tennessee, but we suspected that he would add even less to a Reagan ticket. He wanted the job so much that he had spent two years making himself everyone's fourth or fifth choice, but we'd need more than that.

There were other possibilities, but for one reason or another we were forced to rule them out. And if we were looking for someone we might be able to talk into accepting the honor even before the convention the list shrank even further.

Sears, who was leading us rather skillfully to a conclusion he had already reached, felt that we needed someone from the moderate wing of the party who could, in the general election, give our man entry into the Northeast or upper-Midwest. He assumed, correctly I believe, that Reagan already had a solid base in the far West and in the Mountains, that his running-mate wouldn't add much to the strength he already enjoyed in the South, and that we should therefore look for ways to strengthen his appeal in the rest of the country.

This made real sense—especially as the polls showed Jimmy Carter with problems among ethnic and Catholic voters in the highly industrialized states of these regions. The perfect running-mate under the circumstances would have been a moderate or moderately conservative Italian Catholic from New York, New Jersey, or Pennsylvania. But the perfect candidate simply didn't exist.

Eventually—and by a process of elimination—Sears began to focus attention on Pennsylvania and Richard Schweiker. This approach incidentally was typical of John's usual way of talking people into doing things willingly that they would ordinarily have no part of. He was good at it.

By the time we finally got around to Senator Schweiker, we were just about ready to buy anyone. But none of us seemed to know very much about the man. I had worked on Capitol Hill for two years, but had to confess that I wouldn't recognize the Senator if he walked into the room. I did, however, know that he was a liberal.

Sears had never met him either, but he informed us that Paul Laxalt, chairman of Reagan's campaign, knew him well. The two men sat next to each other on the Senate floor and had learned to get along. Paul, according to John, liked Schweiker and thought that on a lot of things he was closer to us than one might gather from a study of his voting record.

"What about his voting record?" asked Carter.

"Not good," admitted Sears, but he warned us not to take it too seriously. "After all, Schweiker comes from a liberal state and might be expected to reflect the views of his constituency."

But John didn't seem to have any details on his voting record.

* We learned later that Sears and Paul Laxalt, the campaign chairman, had already been through the same exercise dozens of times before with an eye to the general election. Moreover, Sears had also discussed the Schweiker possibility with Charlie Black who was working Pennsylvania for us.

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All he would say was that the Senator had a high COPE and ADA rating, but stood with us on a number of gut social and defense issues. We clearly needed more information so I agreed to have my wife, who works on the Hill, pull the data we would need.

My wife didn't like what we were up to. "The man's no good," she insisted. "He's got one of the worst voting records in the Senate and I think it'd be immoral to put him on the ticket." Finally, though, she did agree to get us what we were looking for.

After analyzing his votes we had some serious misgivings, but none of us saw any other way out of our predicament. There was evidence to support the view that he could move right if necessary and we were willing to buy Paul Laxalt's assessment of his character. Besides, Schweiker did make some sense as we looked toward the general election. He had a pro-labor record, but was fairly conservative on a number of the so-called social issues. He had been an early critic of detente and had great following among the ethnic voters in his own state. Moreover, his state itself was important. If he could deliver Pennsylvania in November and help Ronald Reagan in the other states of his region he could prove invaluable.

John had one more question. What would happen in the South and West when it was discovered that Ronald Reagan was going to run with a genuine, certified, Washington liberal?

Andy thought we'd be safe in the West and in the Mountains and I believed we could hold the South for a few days—which brought us to the crucial question.

"If we buy this and hold most of our people what kind of movement can we expect in the Northeast?" It was a question I thought Ronald Reagan would ask and it was one that John would have to answer if he expected any of us to go along with this scheme.

"If we do this," John mused, "I think we'll win this thing. Pennsylvania should move quickly—I'd expect 30 or so to come over within a day or so—the movement there could collapse New Jersey and affect New York, Delaware, and West Virginia."

Both Andy and I asked John if he was certain of what he was saying and he assured us that he was as "sure as you can be in this business." I told him that the timing of the movement in Pennsylvania could prove to be very important because I wasn't at all sure that we could hold the South for more than a few days without it.

John wasn't worried—or at least he didn't seem to be—so we all figured it was worth a try. The alternative was defeat, and I don't think any of us were prepared to lose if there was any honorable way of winning.

The rest, trite as it may seem, is history. Reagan was agreeable, Schweiker accepted, and the two men hit it off remarkably well. After the announcement on Monday, July 26, most of our Southern support held firm, but nothing much happened in Pennsylvania or any other Northeastern state.

Moreover, the reaction among our own people focused attention on our problems rather than the President's predicament. John, Dick Schweiker, and the rest of us worked mightily to force Ford's hand on the Vice Presidential question, but for once his people resisted the urge to panic.

Worse, Clarke Reed finally had the excuse he needed to move. I had told him of the Schweiker selection on Sunday, July 25, and he had seemed to take it fairly well. But by Monday evening his attitude had changed.

He called me at least a half a dozen times during the next few days and I called just as often. Harry Dent was also calling. So was the President of the United States. And the former Governor of California. And virtually every political reporter in America.

Reed couldn't take the pressure.

He called me at home at 11:30 on Tuesday evening to inform me that he was going to endorse Ford the next morning. I told him he couldn't do it because he had given his word and because we were going to win.

"The conservatives are sticking with us," I told him, "and if you desert Reagan now you will be deserting them. You'll be seen as a sell-out and you won't have enough influence left after this thing is over to speak for anyone."

Reed wasn't buying, so I made one more try. I told him that regardless of how he felt about Reagan or Ford or Dick Schweiker, he owed me something and I wanted it—24 hours. I was playing for the time we needed to further solidify our Southern and right flanks and to allow us to break loose those delegates John was sure we'd get in the Northeast.

The Mississippian agreed. We had another 24 hours. Or so I thought. Before noon on Wednesday, Reed was back on the phone asking me to let him break his promise of the night before.

I told him that he shouldn't run around making promises he couldn't keep. "I know that," he replied. "But I've made other promises to other people."

That said it all. I knew which of the promises he felt he would have to break. For the first time I let my anger show. I told him to do what he had to do, but to spare me the rhetorical justification. I also told him that I would remember the value of his word.

Reed switched that evening, telling a mutual friend that he really hadn't broken his final promise because he waited until after sundown. Not 24 hours, but a day anyway.

By moving to Ford, Reed had for the second time thrown an almost insurmountable roadblock in the way of our efforts in the Northeast. We weren't going to get the delegates we'd need up there because those who were inclined to come over because of the Schweiker choice were now convinced that we would lose.

So the ploy failed. Or did it...? Richard Schweiker, who turned out to be everything Paul Laxalt had promised and more, came close to breaking Pennsylvania. Most of our people swallowed hard, but went along with us. The campaign didn't die a silent death in late July as it might have if we hadn't played our final card. Ronald Reagan arrived In Kansas City alive and still fighting. We didn't win there, but we came close. As a result Ronald Reagan left the convention without the nomination but with the knowledge that those delegates were his people.

I told someone after the whole thing was over that a tight political campaign is a little like a war in that it reveals an awful lot about the character of the combatants.

And character *is* important. □

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Steven C. Munson

Cruel and Unusual Punishment

Court-ordered busing is not merely illogical, vindictive, and undemocratic. It is also racist, for it violates the intention of the Brown *decision, the Fourteenth Amendment, and the Civil Rights Act of 1964.*

If the phrase "least dangerous branch" ever truly characterized the Supreme Court, it does so no longer. The Court distinguished itself, in 1954, with its *Brown v. Board of Education* decision forbidding segregated school systems; but its subsequent decisions on race and schools show the Court to be as susceptible to passion as a popular Congress and as prone to tyranny as a single Chief Executive. Originally thought our best hope for securing the rule of law over the rule of men, the Supreme Court has now reduced the rule of law to a cruel hypocrisy by illegally decreeing compulsory busing.

It may sound paradoxical to claim that contemporary school integration law is illegal, since the courts decide what is legal and what is not. Nevertheless, compulsory school integration unequivocally violates the meaning and intention of the *Brown* decision, the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and the Civil Rights Act of 1964. In mandating busing, first in the South and later throughout the country, the courts also appear to have forgotten the process by which constitutional law ought to be made—in accordance with reason, fact, and principle.

By presuming racial discrimination to be evil per se, *Brown* provided the only proper and reasonable interpretation of the Constitution. The Fourteenth Amendment purports to guarantee equal protection under the law to all citizens, and this principle implies that government should disadvantage no one because of race. That, prior to *Brown*, state-imposed racism had the stamp of constitutional legitimacy as well as general public support, is one of the most deplorable facts of American history. *Brown* put an end to invidious racial classification in public education; no longer would the Constitution allow black children to be bused past their neighborhood school (or the school they would otherwise have chosen freely to attend) to the "black school" down the road.

The President and the Congress acknowledged the wisdom of the 1954 Supreme Court's judgment with their adoption of the Civil Rights Act a decade later. Reasserting the principle of nonracial school assignment enunciated in *Brown*, the Act declared:

> "[D]esegregation" means the assignment of students to public schools and within such schools without regard to their race, color, religion, or national origin, but "desegregation" shall not mean the assignment of students to public schools in order to overcome racial imbalance....[This act shall not] empower any official or court of the United States to issue any order seeking to achieve a racial balance in any school by requiring the transportation of pupils or students from one school to another or one school district to another in order to achieve such racial balance.

The meaning of this passage is unmistakable; neither blacks nor whites were to be "disadvantaged," i.e., to be classified according to race and assigned and bused to schools outside their neighborhood merely for the sake of racially balanced schools. As the watershed year in the black struggle for civil rights, 1964 signalled the development of a national commitment to eradicate discrimination in the public schools (and elsewhere). Seven years later, the Supreme Court's decision in *Swann v. Charlotte-Mecklenburg* repudiated that commitment.

The 1971 *Swann* verdict for the first time required busing to achieve racial balance in the public schools. Although the Supreme Court justified its ruling as merely elaborating and fulfilling the promise of *Brown*, the decision actually represented the twentieth-century analogue of the infamous 1896 *Plessy* case. By demanding the assignment and busing of children to schools on the basis of race, *Swann* reversed *Brown*'s prohibition of government-enforced racial discrimination and reinstated *Plessy*'s sanction of such discrimination—albeit for a different end. Unlike *Plessy*, *Swann* required or permitted discrimination to mix the races in the public schools, not to separate them. Both decisions, however, authorized the practice of racial discrimination, and by virtue of that common denominator, both were incompatible with *Brown*.

Since 1971, the Supreme Court has steadfastly refused to admit —in fact it has repeatedly denied—that *Swann* (or any other decision) established racial discrimination in education as a constitutional principle. The reason is obvious. The Court now proscribes discrimination intended to segregate and prescribes discrimination aimed to integrate. To announce openly that the Constitution really supplies such a double standard would expose the untenable logic of mandatory integration, making the Court look quite foolish. Instead, racial quotas and busing are defended as remedies necessary to cure the continuing effects of past segregation.

In devising and applying this segregation-remedy rationale ("desegregation"), the Supreme Court has had to develop an aversion to intellectual honesty, a disdain for reality, and a taste for the bizarre. As Lino A. Graglia thoroughly documents in *Disaster by Decree* (Cornell University Press, 1976), the opinions in *Green*, *Alexander*, *Swann*, *Keyes*, and other cases are so fraught with glaring inconsistencies, linguistic perversities, and persistent distortions or omissions of fact, that they are literally incomprehensible. The school board in Charlotte-Mecklenburg, for example, had complied with the constitutional requirement proclaimed in *Brown*—nondiscriminatory school assignment; so a district court declared in a 1965 ruling that was upheld the next year by the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals. But in 1969 the same district court ordered busing, while admitting that its order disputed its findings of 1965-66. It simply decided that an extensive, computerized quota and busing scheme was necessary to improve black educational achievement. The Fourth Circuit affirmed the district court's ruling, but ignored the assumptions about educational achievement on which it was based; instead, the Fourth Circuit ruled that busing was necessary to remedy school segregation resulting from government-caused residential segregation. Finally the Supreme Court upheld the busing order handed down by the Fourth Circuit, but on grounds that were not even at issue in the district and appellate court proceedings: namely, that the school board had not fulfilled its obligations under *Brown*. The

Steven C. Munson, an editorial assistant at The Public Interest, *wrote his thesis at Earlham College on desegregation.*

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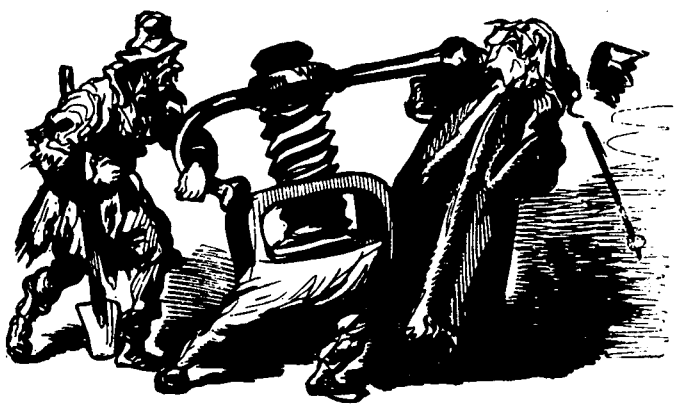
Court produced no evidence for this argument, which had been rejected by both district and appellate courts in 1965-66.

In *Keyes*, the decision which extended busing outside the South, the Supreme Court ruled that "segregative" actions by school officials in one section of Denver, Park Hill, had contributed to the "segregated character" (i.e., predominantly black composition) of Denver's inner-city schools. Graglia shows that the Court somehow failed to notice that the actions it cited as "segregative" had occurred chronologically *after* the inner-city schools became "segregated." Graglia also notes that throughout the 1960s the Denver school board had located boundaries and constructed schools with the explicit aim of furthering integration. In 1969, a proposed two-way busing plan, which threatened to disrupt the tradition of neighborhood school assignment, understandably antagonized the people of Denver. They promptly elected new school board members who rescinded the plan. Displaying their remarkable ingenuity, the courts administered the *coup de grace*: They used the rescission of the plan (which if anything signified how well democracy worked in Denver) as evidence of intentional "segregative" action by the school board.

Judicial reasoning in busing cases suffers from a chronic affliction of irrationality. The Supreme Court claims to make a distinction between *de facto* and *de jure* segregation. In every case, it has dismissed or disregarded the argument, often made by lower courts, that busing should be imposed because racial imbalance in the schools is in itself harmful to blacks. Questions of harm, the Court has asserted frequently, are constitutionally irrelevant.* Constitutional rights can be said to have been violated only if there is evidence of segregative actions or intent (either past or present) on the part of government officials. But if that is so, the Court clearly has no persuasive reason to compel integration as a remedy; it has reason only to demand an end to any existing segregative practices. Since busing is now the law of the land, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the Court thinks irrationally with amazing regularity. Else the Court really does believe that school racial imbalance is harmful, and thus remediable through integration, but is unwilling to say so *constitutionally* because, as shown above, such an admission would be tantamount to asserting a constitutional double standard.



In attempting to assess the intentions of school authorities and in placing upon them the burden of proof, the courts have inverted the standard injunction of legal due process; in effect, school boards are now presumed guilty of segregation until they can prove themselves innocent (a burden more difficult to bear now that the past as well as the present and intention as well as action are of equal legal significance and relevance). The tortuous procedure and rationale invoked by the courts suggest that busing is not so much a remedy as a punishment, a way of making present-day school boards atone for the sins of their racist predecessors. To carry out this punishment, the courts have abandoned the constitutional principle of equal treatment, replacing it with the canon that means justify ends and degrading the Constitution to a mere tool of social policy. Compulsory school integration ultimately rests, not on a construction of basic constitutional rights, but on a series of essentially arbitrary acts of judicial will. Ironically, these acts have served to promote, rather than ameliorate, social disorder and injustice.

The ideal of principled decision-making is currently drowning in a morass of judicial "good intentions" and legal confusion. What else could be expected when the Supreme Court insists that quotas are not constitutionally required and upholds the *de jure-de facto* distinction in theory, and then requires quotas and obliterates that distinction in practice? Left to their own devices, the lower courts have played havoc with the nation's school systems. In the process of, or in addition to, effecting complex and expensive busing schemes, the courts have assumed direct and nearly complete control over the daily operation of school systems (Charlotte-Mecklenburg, Boston), have abolished such standard and useful educational practices as testing, ability grouping, and tracking (San Francisco, Washington, D.C.), and have tried—but failed—to impose what amounts to geographical reorganization of local governments (Richmond, Detroit). What is worse, compulsory busing has greatly accelerated white flight, creating, in such cities as Detroit, Atlanta, Pasadena, and Louisville, new patterns of residential racial separation even more intractable than the old.

Unfortunately, the most recent Supreme Court decisions offer little consolation to the estimated 600 school districts still expected by the Department of Justice to undergo desegregation. While appearing to recognize that demographic realities and white flight have severely hampered the success of compulsory integration in Pasadena and Chattanooga, the Court refuses to admit the ongoing failure of busing in Boston, permitting Judge Garrity to continue his personal crusade against the people of that city.

Nor should the activity of the lower courts be overlooked. Last July, district court orders entailing involuntary integration plans were sustained by the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals for Dayton and by the Seventh Circuit for Milwaukee. In August, the Sixth Circuit approved the busing plan implemented last year in Louisville, court-ordered busing went into effect in Dallas, and a district court, holding for the NAACP, ruled the Cleveland school system "deliberately segregated." (It appears that Cleveland may have to submit to a city-to-suburb busing plan.) With other suits pending in Cincinnati, Columbus, Akron, Youngstown, and Toledo, the NAACP is demanding, apparently in order to simplify its efforts, a state-wide compulsory integration plan.

Judge John Sirica, of Watergate fame, has ordered the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to cut off federal funds to six school districts, to enforce its own desegregation guidelines (i.e., quotas) in 26 districts, and to wrap up investigations of 14 others. This single ruling, involving 46 school districts in 17 states, testifies to the power now wielded by unelected judges tenured for life. This being the fifth decision of its kind, it seems that even HEW, usually known for its zealousness in pursuing "affirmative action," cannot match the vigor of the courts.

What of the Ford Administration's initiatives? Attorney General Levi's aborted attempt to intervene in the Boston case exemplifies the weakness of the Executive Branch, and shows how easily intimidated it is by the civil rights lobby. Ford's legislative proposal to limit the application and duration of court-ordered busing (designed ostensibly to avoid the certain failure of a constitutional ban) will probably never get past the Senate. Even if it were enacted, the courts could circumvent it without much difficulty—as they did the Civil Rights Act—or the Supreme Court could find it unconstitutional simply on the basis of the precedent established by *Keyes*. We are, I fear, at the mercy of the courts in matters of school integration; against them stands no effective countervailing power. It took the Supreme Court almost 60 years to overturn *Plessy*. We can only hope it doesn't take the Court that long to undo the damage—constitutional, political, social, and educational—inflicted by *Swann*. □

* In any case, years of social science research provide no firm basis for believing that integrated education substantially improves black achievement, black psychology, or race relations. Conversely, it cannot be supposed that segregated education is harmful per se to blacks.

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David Levy

Karl Popper: Philosopher of Science and Society

Karl Popper does not enjoy the celebrity his friend and colleague Friedrich Hayek has gained in this country, but he richly deserves acclaim for his contributions to the philosophy of science and politics.

"I have been, I suspect, the happiest philosopher I have ever met." The fortunate author of that sentence is Sir Karl Popper, a man variously described as the author of "the most scrupulous and formidable criticism of the philosophical and historical doctrines of Marxism by any living writer" (Isaiah Berlin) and "incomparably the greatest philosopher of science that has ever been" (Sir Peter Medawar, Nobel Prize winner in Medicine). Now 74 and retired from his professorship at the London School of Economics, where he worked from 1946 onwards, Popper lives at Penn in Buckinghamshire still "happy in finding new problems, in wrestling with them, and in making some progress."

Bryan Magee, author of an excellent brief introduction to Popper's thought (*Karl Popper*, Viking Press, 1973), calculates that almost half his work still remains to be published, quite apart from the new work which will emerge from the problems to which he is now devoting his attention. This is as it should be, for Popper's is an open-ended philosophy, one which welcomes criticism, which regards every conclusion as the locus of new problems to be investigated, and which by the force and clarity of its arguments challenges even those who find some of its content unacceptable.

My impression is that Popper's name and work is relatively little known in the United States outside the ranks of the professional philosophers of science, and this is surprising when it is compared with the widespread attention accorded to the writings of his friend and colleague F. A. Hayek. There is nothing arbitrary in the introduction of Hayek's name at this point, for the similarity of outlook of the two men is close and recognized by both. It was in Hayek's seminar at the London School of Economics that Popper first read his paper *The Poverty of Historicism*. Hayek later helped Popper to find a publisher for the book of that name as well as for its two-volume companion *The Open Society and Its Enemies*. It was Hayek, too, who helped Popper to establish himself in the English-speaking academic world, first during the war at Canterbury University College, Christchurch, New Zealand, and later in London. The telegram inviting Popper to take up a readership at London University was signed by Professor Hayek. Not surprisingly, then, Popper's collection of essays *Conjectures and Refutations* bears the dedication "to F. A. von Hayek," while Hayek's collected *Studies in Philosophy, Politics and Economics* is dedicated to Karl Popper. Though their work has overlapped in various fields, in many more it has been complementary. Popper's assault on the vanity of historical prophecy backs up Hayek's analysis of the self-defeating consequences of overall economic planning, while the force of Hayek's argument against the economics of central planning underlies Popper's present conviction that socialism is incompatible with personal liberty.

Karl Popper was born in Vienna in 1902. His father was a lawyer, a liberal and learned man who read the works of Sigmund Freud as they were published. His mother, a great lover of music, introduced him to his life-long musical interest (at one time Karl thought of a career as a professional musician and was admitted to the school of church music in Vienna on the basis of a fugue he had written). Popper's family were of Jewish origin but were converts to Protestantism and he grew up in the intellectual circles of pre-war Vienna, in that "atmosphere of liberalism in Europe west of Czarist Russia: an atmosphere which also pervaded Austria and which was destroyed, forever it now seems, by the First World War." The attachment to a liberal, or "open," society pervades Karl Popper's political writings, holding him back from even the moderate social-democratism which Magee sees as the natural political corrollary of his thought, as well as from a glorification of the more or less transient will of the majority.

By "democracy" Popper does not mean a state in which the will of the majority (whatever that may be) always prevails, still less a theory that the majority is always right. Democracy, in Popper's view, is an institutional arrangement that permits the peaceful transfer of power between groups that respect individual rights in society. He is fond of quoting Pericles' remark, "although only a few may originate a policy, we are all able to judge it." Thus the electoral process, though by no means infallible, serves as the locus of judgment in the political process. As a liberal in the traditional sense, Popper believes the state to be a necessary evil whose role should be largely confined to holding the balance between competing interests and to setting the limits beyond which one may not trespass on another's rights. Beyond this the state and its resources should be employed in combatting identifiable evils—poverty and hunger for instance—rather than in pursuit of vague and incalculable goals like "the greatest happiness for the greatest number." For, as Popper argues, while it is often possible to identify the causes of misfortune and to act to eliminate them, it is quite impossible to specify what would constitute "the greatest happiness" or to balance the happiness of a majority against the misery of minorities. Governments, he believes, should act on the limited and apparently negative program of eliminating identified causes of misery rather than pushing any positive, all-inclusive conception of the great society onto the population. Political action is beset by incalculable circumstances, and failure to take account of these always leads to unintended consequences. The conclusion that Popper draws is not that governments should do nothing at all to remedy evils and abuses, but that remedial action should be aimed at quickly attainable goals and not tied to any particular long-term scheme of action that may prove, for technical or political reasons, impossible to modify. In a peculiarly unfortunate phrase Popper calls his approach "piecemeal social engineering" to differentiate it from the "utopian social engineering" of those who believe that the remodelling of the whole of society in accord with some preformed plan or blueprint is the only task worthy of the politician. But however unfortunate Popper's self-applied label may be, his arguments in *The Poverty of Historicism* and elsewhere provide anyone who absorbs them with a potent inoculation against the hubristic enthusiasms of those who plan for paradise in the government bureaus of Washington or London.

Karl Popper's present political outlook has developed gradually out of his disenchantment with the ideologies that tempted him in

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his youth. At secondary school he belonged to an association of socialist pupils and for a brief period in 1919 he considered himself a Communist. He was sixteen at the time, but there is nothing like the crisis of war and defeat for forcing untimely decisions on intelligent youth. In his intellectual autobiography *Unended Quest* (published this year in England by Fontana/Collins), he recounts the incident that turned him against Communism and Marxism. "It happened shortly before my seventeenth birthday. In Vienna, shooting broke out during a demonstration by unarmed young socialists who, instigated by the communists, tried to help some communists to escape who were under arrest in the central police station in Vienna. Several young socialist and communist workers were killed. I was horrified and shocked by the brutality of the police, but also by myself. For I felt that as a Marxist I bore part of the responsibility for the tragedy—at least in principle. Marxist theory demands that the class struggle be intensified, in order to speed up the coming of socialism. Its thesis is that although the revolution may claim some victims, capitalism is claiming more victims than the whole socialist revolution." The young Popper asked himself whether such a calculation could ever be supported by "science" and, more significantly for the later development of his thought, he began to examine critically the Marxist claim to scientific status.

The heart of the Marxist argument, Popper concluded, "consists of a historical prophecy, combined with an implicit appeal to the following moral law: Help to bring about the inevitable!" Knowing the inevitable course of the historical process Marxists could not open a newspaper without finding confirming evidence to back up their beliefs. If the evidence was not immediately apparent in the way the news was presented, that told you nothing about the insufficiencies of Marxism and everything about the class bias of the editor. In other words there was no possible way that the Marxist analysis could be refuted—the whole world was full of confirming evidence of the theory. Popper was to find the same characteristics in Freudian psychoanalysis and Alfred Adler's individual psychology, and it led him to his celebrated demarcation of scientific from pseudo-scientific theories.

For the year of Popper's disenchantment with Marxism was also the year in which he heard Einstein lecture in Vienna. In contrast to the Marxists or Adler, Einstein was prepared to specify the condition under which he would regard his theory as untenable. "Thus," writes Popper, "I arrived, by the end of 1919, at the conclusion that the scientific attitude was the critical attitude, which did not look for verifications but for crucial tests; tests which could *refute* the theory tested, though they could never establish it....It became clear to me that what made a theory, or a statement, scientific was its power to rule out, or exclude, the occurrence of some possible events—to prohibit, or forbid the occurrence of these events. Thus the more a theory forbids, the more it tells us."

In *The Open Society and Its Enemies* Popper distinguished the psychological theories of Freud and Adler, which were cast so imprecisely as to make it impossible to refute them, from the writings of Karl Marx, who made a number of predictions—e.g., that revolution would break out in the most industrialized nations, and that the proletariat would become increasingly impoverished—that had already been refuted. What made the Marxism of Popper's contemporaries pseudo-scientific was that instead of critically reexamining their theory they chose to save it by *ad hoc* additions and modifications which really did make it irrefutable. Thus Popper holds that while the Marxism of Marx himself was a scientific theory it is one that has been empirically refuted, while later Marxists have purchased the survival of their beliefs at the cost of abandoning all claim to being considered scientific.

Out of such considerations arose Popper's celebrated criterion of falsifiability. According to the traditional view scientific theories are distinguished from others by their inductive character. The scientist observes his data and from the evidence of the data formulates a hypothesis which is then confirmed or verified by further observation. Popper's view is that no number of confirming instances ever verify a hypothesis, but that one falsifying instance can cause us to abandon a hypothesis and look for a new one. The classic case is that of Newtonian physics, which was astonishingly successful in predicting the character of future discoveries in the fields of physics and astronomy but which nevertheless was shown to be no more than an approximation to truth by the discovery of an instance that could not be explained in its terms. Einstein's theory, which replaced Newton's, has no more claim to be considered as true in an absolute sense, but, argues Popper, it approaches truth more nearly through being able to explain everything that Newton's theory explained and more in addition. Einstein himself regarded his theory in this light, searching throughout his life for a more comprehensive theory that would improve on his own work.

The view that truth is something that may be approached without ever being certainly reached is central to Popper's thought, and it is a view which he traces back to the pre-Socratic Xenophanes who wrote:

> The gods did not reveal, from the beginning,
> All things to us, but in the course of time
> Through seeking we may learn and know things better.
> But for certain truth, no man has known it,
> Nor shall he know it, neither of the gods
> Nor yet of all the things of which I speak.
> Nor even if by chance he were to utter
> The final truth, he would himself not know it:
> For all is but a woven web of guesses.

According to Eric Voegelin the surviving fragments of Xenophanes reveal a new outlook arising from the disintegration of the world of mythical consciousness found in Homer and Hesiod. Popper's new Xenophanism arises from what he regards as the breakdown of the positivist myth of science as a body of certain inductive knowledge—"the Baconian myth," as he calls it—in the wake of Einstein's revolution in physics. Xenophanes' phrase "a woven web of guesses" well expresses Popper's view of the content of science. Our theories are, he argues, not derived inductively from observation; rather, we approach reality with the inborn expectation of finding regularities. Theories and statements concerning reality are conjectures which we measure against our experience which may corroborate them, though only provisionally, or may refute them, often conclusively. Thus while we can never justify any scientific theory by appealing to an imagined confirmation of its truth, we can justify a preference for one theory over another by pointing to its greater explanatory power and the higher degree of corroboration it has received. Whatever this degree may be, we are never justified in regarding the accepted theory as final: the only fruitful approach to scientific research is to look on our theories as hypothetical *loci* for new problems whose solution may entail the abandonment of the original theory.

Like Kant, Popper believes that our theories are imposed by us upon experienced reality and not derived from it, but unlike Kant he is always clear that reality has a way of throwing off our impositions through falsifying instances. Hence the importance which he attaches to the critical (including self-critical) attitude. Scientific progress results not from multiplying easily discovered confirmations of previously held theories but from searching diligently for the *one* jarring note, the instance that cannot be explained in the old terms, that demands a new conjecture concerning the nature of reality. For ultimately Popper believes that science, and philosophy as well, are rooted in cosmology and cosmogony, the attempt to make sense of the universe in which we find ourselves. That universe presents us with problems which we try to solve. In this we are not alone: all organisms, in Popper's view, are problem-solving beings which either solve the problem of their survival through adaptation to their environment or are extinguished. Human problem-solving differs from that of other organisms in an absolute sense because, largely through our possession of a linguistic faculty that includes descriptive and argumentative functions, we are able to approach our problems consciously, renewing our efforts to solve them whenever our previous solution breaks down. Thus what is life and death to other species, successful or unsuccessful solution of survival problems through adaptation, can be in human terms the development of theories and ideas. Because we can change our minds and act consciously on our understanding of the universe our falsified theories can die

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while our species survives. In this way Popper builds on his view of science as a matter of conjecture and refutation to a Darwinian view of evolution.

Popper is the first to admit that his Darwinian view is not susceptible to tests of falsification and cannot therefore be regarded as a scientific theory. He calls Darwinism "a metaphysical research program," a theory which presents us with a framework of intelligibility within which interesting and vital problems arise for investigation.

Much of Popper's recent work is based upon the investigation of what he calls the three worlds of reality. World 1 is the world of physical objects, World 2 the world of subjective experiences, and World 3 the world of statements in themselves. For it is one of Popper's strongest contentions that our statements and theories, though made about physical (World 1) objects because of our subjective experience (World 2) of them, develop an independent existence once made. The evidence for this is to be found in the unforeseen problems that arise in man-made theory. No one actually built those problems into the theory; they exist as an objective characteristic of a man-made but now independent reality. Books, paintings, music, scientific and philosophical theories all belong to World 3, and Popper believes that it is through our interaction with such realities that we develop. He views the human mind as an organ that produces and interacts with such objects. Since his own theories concerning the psychology and logic of discovery were set off by his curiosity about the invention of polyphony in early mediaeval music, an invention unparalleled in other musical cultures, it is easy to see what he means when he argues that it is the encounter with the objects of World 3 that provides the main spur to intellectual advance.

In Karl Popper's life that advance still continues. A lifetime spent in the criticism of other men's theories and his own is continued in the investigation of an area of problems that he himself has opened up. The earlier writings remain as challenging as ever. Popper never tries to disguise his disagreements with other thinkers, nor hide his revulsion from certain actions. He is, in the best sense, a very plain-speaking philosopher who uses the English language with a skill that would be exceptional even in one born into its heritage. It is hard to realize in reading his more recent work that we are reading the prose of a man to whom English was once a foreign language. The clarity of his expression highlights the power of the argument, but it does more than that in pinpointing the moments at which we may wish to disagree with Popper's premises or conclusions (the intervening steps are usually faultless). This in itself is important, for with Popper above all thinkers we should approach the work in the critical spirit which he himself encourages. We shall all discover points of dissent (my own most basic ones relate to Popper's criticism of what he calls "essentialism") but no one can fail to be stimulated by what he finds. □

Victor Baras

"Your Mama Won't Let You Scratch Where It Itches"

Nikita Khrushchev used peasant humor to gloss over Soviet tyranny. But twenty years after his "Crimes of Stalin" speech, Khrushchev's memoirs can help us understand the limits of "de-Stalinization."

Twenty years have passed since Nikita Khrushchev delivered his now famous "Secret Speech" at a closed midnight session of the Twentieth Communist Party Congress in February 1956. The Secret Speech marked the beginning of the public attack on the "personality cult" of Joseph Stalin, a crusade that came to be known in the West as "de-Stalinization."

One hears little of de-Stalinization nowadays. On the contrary, there has been extensive rehabilitation of Stalin in the USSR since the anti-Stalin wave crested in 1961 and 1962. In 1961 the old dictator's body was removed from the Red Square mausoleum. The year 1962 saw the publication of Solzhenitsyn's story *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. But with the consolidation of the regime of Leonid Brezhnev, who overthrew Khrushchev in 1964, there has been increasing repression of "dissident" movements—movements that came into being largely in consequence of the confusion engendered by Khrushchev's attacks on Stalin.

Where did de-Stalinization go wrong? How could it have gone right? Did the policy simply fall victim to Khrushchev's mismanagement? Or was there from the beginning less to the attack on Stalin than met the eye? Now, more than two decades after the event, is a good time to reconsider the meaning of the Soviet crusade against Stalin.

Help is available in this project from an unlikely source, namely the two volumes of memoirs by the de-Stalinizer himself, Nikita Khrushchev, which were published in the West in 1970 and 1974. *Khrushchev Remembers* is in many ways, of course, an unsatisfactory source. It is based primarily on tape recordings dictated by Khrushchev shortly before his death in 1971 and smuggled out of the USSR. Although the voice on the tapes has been electronically verified as Khrushchev's, many questions remain unanswered. Why did the former ruler of the Soviet Union prepare material for publication abroad, a measure which even many Soviet dissidents view as a distasteful last resort? What motivated the official or semi-official complicity with the memoir project by authorities in Moscow?* Who was responsible for the obvious erasures on the tapes?

Nevertheless, these are Khrushchev's memoirs, and no student of Soviet politics can afford to ignore them. Obviously the document is full of factual errors and self-serving lies, most of which are noted by Edward Crankshaw in his helpful notes and commentary. Yet the overall pattern of truth, half-truth, and untruth is revealing. The careful reader may not expect to learn much

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* Early press reports linked the Khrushchev memoir with the name of Victor Louis, the shadowy Soviet journalist who is rumored to work for the KGB (the Soviet secret police); *New York Times*, November 7 and December 28, 1970. The *New York Times* reported on November 17, 1970, that the *Times* of London had printed an unconfirmed report that the KGB was in possession of some 400,000 words of manuscript, of which 275,000 words had been released to the West.

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from Khrushchev, but he should expect learn a good deal *about* Khrushchev and the regime that left its imprint on him and his autobiography.

Khrushchev's attack on the vestiges of Stalinism is a leading theme of the memoirs. With regard to such problems as censorship and travel restrictions, the narrator of *Khrushchev Remembers* advocates reforms more extensive than those instituted under his own rule, not to mention the more repressive policies of his successors. He rationalizes his previous harshness with the observation that "Stalin was still belching inside me." And he offers this rather convincing description of the dilemma faced by Stalin's heirs:

> We in the leadership were consciously in favor of the thaw, myself included, but...We were scared—really scared. We were afraid the thaw might unleash a flood, which we wouldn't be able to control and which could drown us. How could it drown us? It could have overflowed the banks of the Soviet riverbed and formed a tidal wave which would have washed away all the barriers and retaining walls of our society....Of course, we too wanted a relaxation of controls over our artists, but we might have been somewhat cowardly on this score. Our people had a good expression for the situation we were in: "You want to scratch where it itches, but your mama won't let you."

The creative intelligentsia, Khrushchev says, "suffers more than any other category of people in our society." He portrays himself, especially in the second volume, as a repentant sinner with regard to the handling of dissident intellectuals. He wishes he could apologize to his former victims, including the physicist P. L. Kapitsa, the poet Boris Pasternak, and the sculptor Ernst Neizvestny, about whom Khrushchev had this to say in 1963: "The last time we saw the nauseating concoctions of Ernst Neizvestny, we were disgusted to notice that this man, who is evidently not devoid of talent and who has graduated from a Soviet institution of higher learning, is repaying the people with such black ingratitude."

On balance Khrushchev seems to express a sort of uncomprehending respect for creative intellectuals. He is proud of the international reputation of certain Soviet artists and writers. At the same time, his heart is clearly with the Party when he observes that "Writers are forever delving into questions of philosophy and ideology—questions on which any ruling party, including the Communist party, would like to have a monopoly."

Khrushchev also plays the reformer with regard to Soviet travel restrictions. He says, "I have no doubt that it is practically as well as theoretically feasible for us to open our borders." He calls on the Soviet Union to rid itself of the "disgraceful heritage of the closed border." Yet he dismisses the KGB practice of kidnapping potential Soviet defectors on foreign soil as mere "bureaucratic overzealousness."

It is hardly surprising that Khrushchev provides little useful information about his own political career—how he came to power, how he stayed there, and how he was deposed. He claims, for example, that he was not consulted about the composition of the new leadership after Stalin's death in 1953, that the distribution of power represented the result of a deal worked out privately between Beria and Malenkov. But if Khrushchev was caught by surprise, he must have recovered quickly. Within two weeks Malenkov was forced out of Khrushchev's bailiwick, the Central Committee Secretariat. Of this coup there is no mention. Nor is there any reference to the September 1953 Plenum, at which Khrushchev acquired the title of First Secretary of the Central Committee. Khrushchev does not explain why Malenkov "resigned" as Prime Minister in 1955 or how Khrushchev survived the demand for his own resignation by a hostile majority within the Presidium in 1957. Of his own political demise, he mentions in passing only that he was "forced to retire."

Khrushchev does mention one interesting incident about his rise to power. During the early post-Stalin years, he says, he was secretly appointed "commander-in-chief of the armed forces" at the initiative of Prime Minister Bulganin. The appointment came at a time when Khrushchev held no formal position of leadership in the government (although he was already the leading contender for supreme power by virtue of his position as head of the Communist Party bureaucracy). Whatever the statutory status of the title "commander-in-chief," it appears that a more or less formal decision was taken to recognize Khrushchev's ascendancy in the sphere of defense policy. He says of this appointment:

> This was a strictly internal decision. We decided not to publicize the decision and made no mention of it in the press. If we had been at war, we would certainly have announced my military appointment to the Soviet people. As for the top officers of our armed forces, they certainly knew who their commander in chief was without having to read an announcement in the newspaper.

Khrushchev does not explain why this important appointment was kept secret; it seems to him self-evident that such decisions do not concern the public. Presumably the absence of an official announcement was a concession to Khrushchev's opponents, who resisted public confirmation of an appointment which they may yet have hoped to alter.

Khrushchev accounts for the 1958 purge of his friend and ally, Marshal Zhukov, with the almost offhand observation that Zhukov had planned a military coup d'état. This claim is at once preposterous and eminently plausible. It is preposterous because if Zhukov had really planned the military overthrow of the Soviet regime, he would be viewed as one of the greatest villains of Soviet history rather than one of the greatest heroes. But it is plausible because, in the absence of any prescribed procedure for leadership selection, every transfer of power in the Soviet Union has something of the character of a coup. Since the Soviet regime half pretends that there is no supreme political office, there can be no way of explaining how anyone came to hold that office. This is why Khrushchev refers only obliquely to the most important fact about himself, that he was once ruler of the USSR.

Khrushchev rose to power during the Stalin years. His judgements about his colleagues in Stalin's inner circle are harsh. Kaganovich, his mentor, was "nothing but a lackey," "unsurpassed in viciousness." Malenkov was "a good clerk." Beria, Khrushchev says repeatedly, was a loathesome thing. Stalin, on the other hand, was the object of Khrushchev's veneration. Describing himself during the 1930s, Khrushchev says, "I was a hundred percent faithful to Stalin as our leader and our guide. I believed that everything Stalin said in the name of the party was inspired by genius." Khrushchev maintains that he knew nothing of Stalin's crimes until after the old man's death and, in particular, after the investigation into the Beria case. This, of course, is nonsense. When Khrushchev chose to denounce Stalin in 1956, it was not because of new revelations but because of new political circumstances. He needed a brush with which to tar his leading rivals, Malenkov (Stalin's heir apparent) and Molotov (Stalin's closest confidant).

Nevertheless, Khrushchev points out an important connection between the purge of Beria and the subsequent de-Stalinization campaign. The Beria purge was directed not only against Beria personally but against the power of the secret police which he headed. The "collective leadership" that controlled the Soviet Union after Stalin's death could not tolerate such a concentration of power in one institution. The removal of Beria, and consequently of his henchmen, weakened the police decisively and probably ruled out, at least in the short run, a return to Stalinist terror as an instrument of rule. In any case, it became more difficult after the Beria purge to maintain the fine distinction between the "crimes" of Beria and the "genial leadership" of Stalin, especially since the greatest excesses of the secret police were committed during the 1930s, before Beria took over. The documentation of the case against Beria created an occasion for open discussion of the ugli-

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ness of Soviet history, and it provided an arsenal of facts that could be used against anyone connected with the Stalin era, including Stalin himself.

The narrator of *Khrushchev Remembers* claims to despise "those who still quake before Stalin's dirty underwear." He states unequivocally, "I consider Stalinism a bad quality." Yet Khrushchev's anti-Stalinism is peculiarly limited. He tends to view Stalinism as a personal vice rather than a political one, a vice that is not so much a defect of government as of character. Despite the added wisdom of hindsight, Khrushchev's condemnation of Stalin is not so different from that offered by Lenin in 1923:

> Stalin is too rude, and this fault, entirely supportable in relations among us Communists, becomes insupportable in the office of General Secretary. Therefore, I propose to the comrades to find a way to remove Stalin from that position and appoint to it another man who in all respects differs from Stalin only in superiority—namely, more patient, more loyal, more polite and more attentive to comrades, less capricious, etc. This circumstance may seem an insignificant trifle, but I think that from the point of view of the relation between Stalin and Trotsky..., it is not a trifle, or it is such a trifle as may acquire a decisive significance.

Stalinism, however, is not just a quality of character. It is the complex of institutions and practices, the regime which Khrushchev inherited from Stalin and within which Khrushchev made his career. Khrushchev can condemn Stalin's "excesses," but he cannot challenge Stalin's right to rule, for to do so would be to cast doubt on Khrushchev's own reign as well. In this fundamental respect, Khrushchev remained to the end a political Stalinist.

The Soviet regime may be described in non-Marxist terms as an attempt to establish a benevolent despotism. In his later years Khrushchev objected to Stalin's despotism because it had been insufficiently benevolent. On the other hand, Stalin came to power because he was extraordinarily despotic. And that is the problem. Benevolence is far removed from the qualities that make for success as a despot. Even Trotsky, writing in 1904, identified this danger in the Leninist party:

> The organization of the Party takes the place of the Party itself; the Central Committee takes the place of the organization; and finally the dictator takes the place of the Central Committee.

Khrushchev, like Stalin, was such a dictator. Both Khrushchev and Stalin clawed their way to power, and both held on to it as long as they could. Khrushchev was a less cruel and less powerful tyrant than Stalin, but his rule cannot be described as anything other than tyrannical. □

THE GREAT AMERICAN SALOON SERIES

by

Brian Thomas

The Taproom of the Schoenling Brewery

The proliferation of singles bars and artsy, cloying coffeehouses has made finding a good place to drink beer as difficult as getting a summer job, but I am pleased to report that there is a place where one can do both—at the Schoenling Brewery on Central Parkway in Cincinnati. Founded by Ed and George Schoenling shortly after Prohibition was repealed, this brewery is one of the last local establishments in a town which once boasted of over forty different brands bottled within its city limits.

An oldtime taproom was a place where the "friends of the brewery" could go for some free beer. But today the slick national bottlers have transformed what was once a genteel, civilized feature of the neighborhood brewery into a weapon in their public relations arsenal. After being trooped through a guided tour, visitors are herded into an ersatz beer garden with tasteful decor harkening back to some heartier era and treated to an hour or so of phony yo-ho-me-lads atmosphere before being bundled out onto the street. The patronage of regulars and the calm dedication to the consumption of alcohol essential to a great saloon are lacking.

There is no guided tour at Schoenling; to get to the taproom you must go through the loading dock, pass under the paint-peeling stare of George Schoenling (who still refuses to give people change for a quarter —"No profit in it for *me*!"), traverse an engine room with its deafening roar and stench of ammonia, and ascend an abrupt flight of stairs into what appears at first to be a locker room in a decrepit YMCA. Do not be deceived—this is the taproom. The high ceiling is crisscrossed with pipes which are painted the same ugly beige as the porcelain brick walls, and the sole decorations consist of a few of Schoenling's promotional gewgaws strewn about and a stuffed marlin landed on someone's Florida vacation years ago hanging high on a rear wall. Beneath the marlin is a counter which conceals two taps. Tables and chairs are provided, but most people prefer to lounge around the counter within easy reach of the beer.

In the course of a summer spent in Schoenling's bottle shop, I worked nine hours a day, six days a week, for about ten weeks, and discovered first-hand the infuriating array of taxes and union dues which plague the working stiff, acquired a number of cuts and lacerations from flying glass, learned how to operate a forklift, and drank gallons of "Cincinnati's Finest" in the taproom. Most of my breaks and meals I spent swilling delicious amber fluid with my fellow employees, smug in the knowledge that at any other job I would have spent a chunk of my paycheck on beer, while at Schoenling the beer was understood as a part of the already substantial wage.

It soon became apparent that the taproom included among its clientele more than employees and customers who had just bought a keg down at the loading dock.

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People who worked nearby would come in on their lunchbreak or after hours and sip a few brews, and reminisce fondly about the days when you could go to a different taproom every night for a month and still not cover them all. After a Reds game the taproom would become more boisterous as reeling fans stumbled in and stationed themselves at the chrome udders. Or sometimes one of the bosses would have his softball team in for a party. I even remember one night when I came in off the night shift and found the place teeming with rookie cops drinking, playing cards, and feeling terribly wicked for imbibing while in uniform (even though they were officially off-duty). Usually you will find only employees slouched around the counter, telling lurid horror-stories about the less safety-conscious days when unwary newcomers like your narrator were always falling into vats or getting a shirtsleeve caught in a whizzing conveyor belt. So watch it kid.

When I am in Cincinnati I always pay a visit to the taproom to have some free beer and find out how much (or how little) my favorite brewery has changed. On a recent visit I took a fastidious friend with me who made a wisecrack about how seedy the taproom was. He said that if they spruced up the interior decorating they could rent it out for parties and make more money. I said, "But it's fine the way it is. We just come here to drink beer, and we don't care if it looks like a dump. And anyway, the price is right. You're paying for the atmosphere." □

Joseph P. Duggan

The Good, the Bad, and the Imbecile

A critic's choice of the outstanding political races this year.

As the 1976 election campaign limps into its final weeks, the televised debates have focused attention on the major Presidential contenders, Jimmy Carter and Gerald Ford. Yet there are other Presidential candidates afield worth remarking: Eugene McCarthy, who surprises with the occasional intelligent propositions that pop up from his grabbag of woolly notions; Lester Maddox, the sallow Southern-fried chicken tycoon whose house specialty was Jim Crow; idealistic Roger MacBride, the Libertarian Party nominee from Jefferson's Virginia. And there are also contenders for state and Congressional office who are notable sometimes for good sense, sometimes for mountebankery. Allow me to introduce a sampling:

Regrettably, the most sensible Senate challenger is opposing the most sensible incumbent. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, sometime professor of government at Harvard, eloquent defender of world freedom as United States Ambassador to the United Nations, narrowly defeated Rep. Bella Abzug for the Democratic nomination in New York. The Republican incumbent, James L. Buckley, elected as a Conservative six years ago, is imperilled by the heavy Democratic majority among registered voters. His stand against federal aid to New York City may also cost him support there, but has won him admiration for holding to principle. Catholics, who gave Buckley crucial support in his first election, are seen to be the swing vote in this contest between Irishmen. Buckley is stressing his record against liberalized abortion laws as well as his support for independent schools. Buckley is also recognized as a leading Republican advocate of environmental legislation.

California's Sen. John V. Tunney faces a close contest with Republican S.I. Hayakawa, the tweedy, Japanese-American semanticist. Tunney's weakness as an incumbent was reflected by the difficulty he had in fending off a primary challenge from former SDS leader Tom Hayden. Hayakawa, a political moderate, endeared himself to conservatives as president of San Francisco State College with his firm stand against radical violence. Hayakawa, whose uncommon campaign speeches include ample quotes from such as Irving Kristol, is running well in the polls at present, but at age 70 he may not have the stamina to sustain a vigorous campaign.

Republicans hold high hopes of gaining the seat of retiring Missouri Democrat Sen. Stuart Symington. Democrats remain in shock and disarray since the winner of the divisive party primary, Rep. Jerry Litton, perished with his family when their private plane crashed en route to the election-night celebration. Democratic leaders have chosen former Gov. Warren E. Hearnes to seek the Senate seat, but he is the decided underdog against the state's attorney general John C. Danforth. Hearnes is, by his party's standards, a conservative, having led his delegation in support of Henry Jackson at the 1972 Democratic National Convention. Danforth, patrician heir to the Ralston-Purina fortune and an Episcopal priest, is from a family prominent in American education. His brother William heads both Washington University and the Danforth Foundation, and John himself is a trustee of Yale University. When Danforth won election in 1968 as Missouri's first Republican state official in nearly thirty years, he was young, liberal for a Republican, and considered arrogant. Over the years, though, he has become a party moderate and has won wide respect from Republicans and Democrats alike.

In Indiana, another young Republican moderate hopes to topple three-term Sen. Vance Hartke. Former Indianapolis mayor and Rhodes Scholar Richard G. Lugar has combined folksy manners with political savvy to build a wide lead over the incumbent. Like Danforth, Lugar has moved to the right with the drift of his party. But Hartke, despite a reputation for corruption, should not be ruled out of the running; each of his three Senate terms he has won as an underdog.

In the Old Dominion of Virginia, Harry Flood Byrd, Jr. is expected to retain the Senate seat he and his father have held for more than 40 years. But the legendary Byrd machine no longer holds tight reins upon the state Democratic Party. The clearest evidence for this is that Byrd, for the second time in six years, is seeking re-election as an Independent. The Democratic nominee this time out is former Chief of Naval Operations Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr. Zumwalt has spoken out lately as a strong

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critic of detente and is seeking to make capital of his rifts with the odious Mr. Nixon, but does not seem to have made significant headway against Byrd's coalition of conservative Democrats and Republicans.

Democrat Rep. Donald W. Riegle holds a slight edge over Republican Rep. Marvin L. Esch in the contest to succeed retiring Michigan Sen. Philip A. Hart. Originally elected as a Republican, the liberal Riegle switched parties in 1973 in a move greeted by mixed reaction from both caucuses. Long before the chesty achievements of Elizabeth Ray, Riegle brought the confessional genre to political puff-prose with his published diary, *O Congress!*—a work that violated taboo and good taste across party lines. Esch, a middle-of-the-road veteran of five terms, does not enjoy the wide recognition of Riegle.

One major governor's race—that of Illinois—presents the likelihood of a party shift, but it offers a more interesting contrast of style and character than of ideology. Secretary of State Michael R. Howlett, the Democrat who upset Gov. Daniel Walker in the primary, may be remembered as the last and possibly most vulgar of the Daley machine lieutenants. Sturdy, smooth-faced James R. "Big Jim" Thompson, the Republican contender, is the paradigmatic good-government type. Howlett has spent his career hustling votes in the wards of Chicago; Thompson has earned his reputation as a racket-busting Federal district attorney, packing Daley cronies off to prison. Though Howlett bubbles with public optimism—his latest and to date most remarkable pronouncement is that Jimmy Carter will have to run on his coattails—Thompson is considered far ahead.

In the lush farmlands and rugged beaches of central California's 16th Congressional District, eight-term Republican Rep. Burt Talcott's reelection margins have dwindled to 1% in recent years. Talcott, with a reliably conservative voting record, is a prime target for defeat by liberal and environmentalist groups this year (Talcott holds the distinction of making the environmentalist "Dirty Dozen" list two consecutive years). His opponent, Leon Panetta, served in the Nixon Administration as civil rights assistant to the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, but was fired from that position reportedly because of his adamant stand in favor of busing.

The most startling upset of 1974 was the defeat of Republican old-timer Bill Bray by a 28-year-old parochial school teacher, David W. Evans, in Indiana's 6th Congressional District—now the southern suburbs of Indianapolis, once the domain of the Ku Klux Klan. Confident of regaining the seat, Republicans this year nominated David Crane, whose professional practice combines psychiatry and law. Crane is the brother of Illinois' popular conservative Congressman, Philip M. Crane. But despite his apparent advantages, Crane is said to suffer from poor campaign organization and may allow the flukish Congressional career of David Evans to continue at least for another term.

Wilmer "Vinegar Bend" Mizell is remembered by baseball fans as the flame-throwing lefty who pitched for the St. Louis Cardinals in the 1950s. But returning to the hill country of North Carolina, Vinegar Bend wound up from the right and won election in 1968 as a Republican in the Fifth Congressional District. Mizell lost in the Democratic landslide of 1974 to suburban newspaper publisher Stephen L. Neal, but has an even shot at regaining his seat this year. □

THE NATION'S PULSE

by

Peter J. Rusthoven

Why People Don't Vote: An Unfashionable View

This year, as in every election year, a given amount of media commentary is being devoted to the question of why an increasing percentage of eligible Americans don't bother to go to the polls. Needless to say, this topic is hardly the stuff of which headlines are made; but nonetheless it surfaces with a certain regularity throughout the campaign season, usually on slow days when there is little else with which to fill the third slot in the editorial page. While denying that my own motivation in writing on this subject rests on a similar dearth of alternative topics, I think a word or two on what is commonly called "voter apathy" may not be out of place as the American electorate prepares to select a President.

Such discussions inevitably begin with the statistics, and the statistics are certainly revealing enough. Kevin Phillips and Paul Blackman, in an American Enterprise Institute study on *Electoral Reform and Voter Participation* published in 1975, provide an up-to-date account of the downward trends. Almost 82% of the voters cast ballots in the election of 1876, when Tilden won the popular vote but lost to Hayes in the Electoral College. In 1900, 73% of the electorate handed McKinley his second win and Bryan his second loss. By 1972, however, a mere 56% bothered to make a choice between Richard Nixon and the ex-professor from South Dakota. The League of Women Voters, in an election-year paperback called *Choosing the President*, speculates that as many as 75 million adults—or a full one-half of the voting-age populace—will stay home this November 2.

Usually, recitations of these figures are accompanied by prescriptions designed to reverse the steady decline in turnout, since the average editorialist is likely to view that decline as "disturbing," "alarming," or worse. For a long time and, to some extent, even today, supposed "obstacles" to exercise of the franchise were regularly deemed the culprit, the theory being that the problem lay less in voter apathy than in burdensome and occasionally sinister governmental red tape. To a degree, this per-

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ception was justified, and some of the steps taken to remove those obstacles were meritorious: few today mourn the passing of the poll tax, and the *de jure* and *de facto* disenfranchisement of blacks in the states of the Old Confederacy is a particularly ignoble chapter in the history of our last one hundred years.

The effort to remove these obstacles, however, has not only proved inadequate in increasing voting; it has also spawned a number of dubious actions and proposals. Thus, in the rush to end discrimination in the South, Congress went so far as to require approval by the Attorney General before the election laws of certain states could take effect—a rather imaginative view of Federalism which was upheld by the Supreme Court in *Katzenbach v. Morgan* (1966). On its own, the Supreme Court has seen fit to void residency requirements as being in violation of the Constitution—although the case, *Dunn v. Blumstein* (1972), did permit a 30-day cut-off for registration purposes. And recently, the Congress has come close to passing a post-card registration bill, which would thoroughly federalize the election process in the name of expanding exercise of the franchise—and which would also, in the view of more cynical observers, permit the Mayor Daleys of our era to register even more cemeteries and McDonalds as they strive to exceed the 100 + % turnout they have managed in the past for certain urban precincts. In any event, these various reforms seem to have had little impact on the nationwide trend of ever decreasing electoral participation.

Although the post-card registration bill indicates that the voting-is-too-difficult school has not yet seen its demise, the more popular theory today views low turnout as a function of widespread societal malaise or, in the jargon of sophomore sociology, "alienation." For a considerable period the Left had a certain monopoly on the latter term, using it as a shorthand indictment for all that was wrong with the American system. "People don't even bother to vote," the argument ran; "*ergo*, they are alienated, and something—preferably something radical—must be done." Of late, however, the "alienation" hypothesis has been adopted by any number of individuals who have never read Marx with the fervor of the standard upper-middle-class revolutionary hailing from Scarsdale, N.Y. A David Brinkley or an Eric Sevareid will pontificate upon this subject at will—as, for example, during lulls in Convention coverage—and even conservatives have discovered that the term can be turned felicitously to their purposes. Thus, Phillips and Blackman, in the work mentioned earlier, rightly take federal registration, particularly the post-card variety, to task, but do so in part on the grounds that the "real" problem is "the growing malaise in public attitudes toward government and the existing political parties." In sum, people of widely disparate political philosophies are wont today to lay the blame for low voter turnout on pervasive dissatisfaction with the "system" in general and politicians in particular; and predictably enough, we are told that the solution lies in a better system and better politicians, although there is less agreement on precisely what these are in fact.

Undoubtedly there are other views as to why suffrage is an underutilized privilege, but the two described above are fairly common, and are probably typical of most others in many respects. The key factors emphasized by each are, of course, apparent: Non-voting is seen as a serious problem, and moreover, as a problem caused by either specific governmental obstruction or general system-wide unresponsiveness. Turnout figures are presented as barometers of social and political health; and the lower they go, the more concerned we are supposed to be for the well-being of the Republic. Democracy, after all, means "rule by the people"—and if increasing numbers of people don't bother to participate, something must be wrong.

There is a certain simple logic in all this which is difficult to refute—who, when it comes down to it, wants to defend non-voting? Nonetheless, at the risk of seeming anti-democratic—and with nary a study nor a survey to back me up—I must confess that I find most of this election-year philosophizing on why people don't vote to be singularly off-the-mark. In the first place, I am not at all convinced that non-voting is by itself an especially trouble-some phenomenon. And secondly, to the degree that low turnout does reflect a problem, I believe it is a vastly different kind of problem from that which is usually described.

Consider: It is virtually a commonplace, particularly in the bicentennial period, to remark on the extraordinary caliber of leadership with which this nation was blessed during its formative years. Yet our first several Presidents were chosen in an era when the electoral process was more indirect, and the franchise more restricted, than at any time in our history. I certainly make no brief for a return to the "white male freeholder" standard which was characteristic of the voter qualification laws of our early national history, but it should be clear that there is no ready correlation between widespread grant and exercise of the franchise and the quality of individuals elected. Other examples, both positive and negative, abound: Warren G. Harding was elevated to the Presidency—an office to which he was marginally, if at all, suited—in the first national election following extension of the vote to the entire distaff half of the population. Conversely, Calvin Coolidge was chosen for a four-year term—during which he left the country alone and the country did very nicely, thank you—in an election with one of the lowest turnouts in this century. In short, levels of voter participation are not, in my view, tied very closely either to the caliber of leadership elevated by the democratic process, or to the general health of the nation as a whole.

Having said that—and I believe it is significant—I do not at all mean to argue that there is anything good about people staying home from the polls. I will, in short, admit that low turnout may be a reflection of something wrong in the body politic. Where I differ from the conventional wisdom in this field is that I believe that the problem with non-voting does indeed rest with the body politic and the individuals who compose it, and not with the governmental and social systems of which they are constituents. Recoil as one might from "simple" explanations for so-called social problems, insufficient attention has been paid to the possibility that non-voting may be more a function of voter laziness, and of unreasonable expectations by voters as to what their ballot "should" accomplish, than of anything else.

The evidence of voter laziness is overwhelming. Bad weather almost invariably lowers the turnout, as a healthy portion of the electorate seems unwilling to exercise the franchise in anything but sunshine. Call this what you will, but it is hardly "alienation." The polls almost always record vast numbers in the camp of "No Opinion"; and it seems reasonable to suppose that a good many of these worthies are undecided not because they feel anything or anyone has "failed" them, but simply because they couldn't care less. The city machines, at least, found this supposition a sound basis on which to act, and learned that alcoholic and/or petty financial inducements were a better cure for apathy than programs designed to alleviate any presumed societal or existential angst among the non-voting populace. I do not endorse this particular solution, of course; but more fundamentally, I am not really sure we need any solution designed to woo the apathetic individual to the polling place. The probable benefit derived from having unconcerned citizens cast a ballot strikes me as marginal, to say the least.

But what of the numerous surveys in which non-voters say that they feel powerless, that their vote doesn't make any difference? Here we surely have, do we not, grist for the alienation theorist's mill? The answer to this line of reasoning is somewhat more complex, but again I believe that that answer should lead us to the voter, and not to the "system," as the root of the difficulty. One of the basic reasons for having a democratic republic, or so it seems to me, is precisely to insure that no one individual—and certainly not an individual voter—is excessively "powerful" in deciding matters of great import. Similarly, surely no civilized nation of 215 million people can devise a workable system in which every individual's ballot truly "makes a difference." The point of elections is, as every eighth-grader should

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know, to get a reading on majority sentiment as to particular issues or candidates; it is not to make individual voters feel "powerful." Such feelings of powerlessness as are worthy of attention do not involve the franchise at all. Rather, they involve another aspect of our particular democratic republic—namely, that part of our political theory which holds that a government should not excessively interfere in the lives of its citizens. Citizen feelings of powerlessness or even "alienation," if you will, may be quite real and quite justified to the extent they rest on governmental interference in the discretion accorded individuals in their private domains. But such feelings are hardly reasonable indictments of the balloting process itself.

So I must confess to relatively little concern over the statistics on lack of voter participation, and to relatively little sympathy for those who do not vote. To be sure, voting should not be a burdensome endeavor, and no doubt it behooves our government and candidates for its offices to arouse voter interest. But at bottom, my reaction to this problem involves what is, in our era, fairly unpopular counsel—to wit, except in cases of race discrimination, the non-voter has no one to blame but himself. Voting is at base a collective exercise, designed to elicit a prevailing view among the citizenry as a whole. If one is too lazy or unconcerned to participate, so be it, and may he disturb us not with his complaints. If, on the other hand, one feels "powerless" and "alienated," I suggest that he take another look at precisely how much power the franchise was designed to give him; and that he then reassess his expectations as a potential voter to determine if they are reasonable. □

THE TALKIES

by

Philip Terzian

An Introductory Note

When the editor of this magazine very kindly invited me to review movies, I told him that I was not certain that I could because I am very largely unhappy about the state of the cinema, have been for some time, and was not at all sure that I should wish to observe at first hand its further decline.

However, on reflection, I decided that if anyone should look at them it might as well be me, for I am as irresistibly drawn to chronicling horror as I am to pleasure, and a similar paradox rests in my attitude to film: I like movies in principle, and dislike most that I see. They have certainly become products of their time: simple-minded, loud, self-consciously fashionable, they are undeniably a characteristic '70s institution. Over the years I have had to retreat into the expedient of seeking out old (and in many cases very old) favorites for solace, but that is probably a dishonest attitude for a putative fan. Movies are, for good or ill, a part of our contemporary mythology and intellectual life—indeed many of our most horrifying cultural icons are descended from filmdom—and it might be useful to watch the spectacle and draw some lessons.

Spectacle, indeed, and critics have been particularly culpable, for it is they who should be the illuminating influence in film culture. Instead they have become part of the mad process, slavish adherents to trendiness, masters of articulating the obvious, frequently little more than press agents trumpeting for various actors and directors. Or, what is worse, they have grown turgidly analytical in a fashion that is almost comically academic: so obsessed with form and function, camera angles, exterior shots, splicing and other technical minutiae that it is nearly impossible to recall they are speaking of something they consider a form of art. It should be the responsibility of the critic to consider art, judge it, explain his judgment, and perhaps draw some inductive conclusions. Why was this movie dull, fraudulent, eloquent? Why did I laugh in spite of myself? Is this movie a symptom or an idea? He should be wary of conventional wisdom, and consider also that culture is a cumulative phenomenon.

Two examples might suffice: some years ago the *Newsweek* reviewer gave *Bonnie and Clyde* an unfavorable notice and then, realizing he was drastically out of step with the critical community, reversed himself in the following issue. To what avail? To demonstrate that, in a democracy, opinion should be uniform, that the judgment of consensus is immutable? There was also a time when it seemed *The New Yorker*, in its capsule descriptions of plays, characterized nearly every one as a "biting anti-war satire" when, of course, a pro-war play would have been truly satirical. Satire invariably turns into orthodoxy, and happy the man who can tell when.

The cult of personality has always been a dominant theme in film and there seems to be no conclusion about who is the hero of movie-making. At the moment it is the director, but it has been the actor, the screenwriter, even, in a twisted sense, the producer. In any case, each celebration has brought forth an equally ubiquitous and equally nauseating image that is etched indelibly in journalism, in the annals of popular thinking and interpretation.

The screenwriter. Those photographs of William Faulkner in sun glasses and Bermuda shorts tapping out the script of *The Big Sleep* do not explain that he, like Scott Fitzgerald and Dorothy Parker and the rest, was in Hollywood as an act of desperation, arguing plot and dialogue with former shoe salesmen. The case of the Hollywood Ten has given us an episode in the morality play of creativity *vs.* commerce (or, in their case, politics *vs.* politics). But it should be noted that the agonies of screenwriters do not inevitably benefit the cause of art, as when the late

Philip Terzian, born in 1950, is a graduate of Villanova, a former speechwriter for the Democratic National Committee, and now with The New Republic. *His article, "The Telegenic Intellect of Sally Quinn," appeared in our November 1975 issue.*

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Dalton Trumbo, after years of blacklisting, was finally unleashed to realize his epic allegory (*Johnny Got His Gun*) and brought forth an outdated molehill.

The director. As I said, we are presently assailed by the notion that directors represent the essential ingredient of films, and most of them have learned to behave in time-honored uniformity. How confusing it is to recall which was which when we open the pages of a news magazine and find a feature story on one. There he is, a swivel-hipped, jean-clad artiste, usually in early middle age, a man who would otherwise spend his days riding a motorcycle but instead swaggers around the set waving his phallic lens and speaking profoundly on *The Tonight Show.* I don't expect to be guilty of eulogizing these creatures, but hope to be able to decide what, if anything, should be done with them.

Or with the cinema as whole. At some pernicious moment in recent times, "movies" became "films"—with all the pretense that suggests—and were turned into creatures of their audience. Not content merely to entertain, movie-makers now seek largely to educate, a laudable goal, but ultimately dangerous inasmuch as it takes an educated person to do the educating, and most movie people, in whatever capacity, are not overburdened with learning, or even, alas, talent. When a vaudevillian *manqué* seeks after the truth, the result is more often than not embarassing (*Last Tango in Paris*, *Shampoo*, *Carnal Knowledge*, etc.). The show becomes a harangue, and that, mixed with a misunderstanding of theatre and the temper of our unsubtle age, adds up to a national bashing of the head. What is revealing is that the ostensibly intelligent audience seems in fact to encourage it. How often have our wavering thinkers debased their judgment before a movie that is patently absurd, or dishonest? So many movies no longer purport to tell a story or raise a laugh or illustrate an idea—with the demise of reading, they are the original source, the model for life to imitate.

This was revealed to me in the course of my undergraduate career (not so many years ago) when I observed that behavior was so often modeled on cinematic themes, a particular irony since movies have so consistently misunderstood and caricatured university life. The fanciful image of a generation ago (Jack Oakie, Lanny Ross, June Allyson) gave way to the bizarre world of the early '60s: fraternity brothers at State eternally shuttling between the beach and the gym, which in turn led to the inimitable late '60s—a universe of bleary-eyed, dull-voiced, idealistic youth storming the administration building (*Getting Straight*, *The Strawberry Statement*, etc.). Happily, the whole subject is lately in eclipse.

But where it will all end, knows God. Movies are in their childhood. There is an increasing abundance of them, although statistically there must be few masterpieces. Comedy is inevitably handicapped in a heavy-handed and self-pitying era such as ours. The much-lauded end of the studio system has, like universal popular suffrage, not necessarily improved the quality of the product. As the potential of television has evaporated into Newton Minow's vast wasteland, the demands on the cinema grow. There is a growing understanding of the historic value of film. Tomorrow is another day.

We shall see. □

John R. Coyne, Jr.

Charlie

With the process of selecting our Presidents in the hands of convention delegates, we don't have anything to worry about. Do we?

The single most significant result of the conventions last summer is that the networks are rerunning every old Ronald Reagan movie they can dig up.

Outside of that, the results are mixed. But at least until November, we have only four major things to contend with—Gerald Ford, Robert Dole, Jimmy Carter, Walter Mondale. Now that's no cause for rejoicing, to be sure, for those four things can be awfully boring. But earlier in the year, before the conventions, just think of the things we had to carry around with us—Morris Udall, Birch Bayh, Henry Kissinger, detente, Fred Harris, Martin Luther King, Sr., Scoop Jackson, George Wallace, primaries, the CBS-New York Times poll, Terry Sanford, Jerry Brown, Tom Hayden, Proposition 15, Frank Church, David Broder. But now phase one is finished, the conventions are over, and we can forget about certain things for good—things like 16c, the Mississippi delegation, Hubert Humphrey, Edmund Muskie, James Buckley's vice presidential candidacy, Ronald Reagan, Nelson Rockefeller, William Scranton, William Ruckelshaus, and, praise be, Richard Schweiker, the most forgettable thing of all.

In 1980, of course, it will all begin again, and some of those things will still be part of the burden we'll have to shoulder once more—things like the CBS delegate count, votes prefaced with "the beautiful island of Guam, where America's day begins," John Connally, Jerry Brown, maybe Teddy Kennedy, Amy Carter, Bill Moyers, "New Mexico, the land of enchantment," David Brinkley, Roger Mudd's kid, Moyer's kid, balloons, frisbees, porcine faces, that obese lady the cameras zoom in on who looks like she's zonked out on Hostess ho-ho ding-dongs and Old Mr. Boston lemon flavored gin, the refugees from every Shriners convention ever held, Clarke Reed, benedictions, Sam Donaldson, Sonny Bono, Dan Rather, foolish hats, Evans and Novak, body odor, Tony Orlando.

We still have those four major things to carry until November, and on election eve there'll be things like CBS vote projections to carry. But the conventions are over, newsmen no longer have to crib from one another in order to try to analyze the latest unanalyzable move by John Sears, and the delegates have all gone home to sober up.

It'll be hard at first to settle down again to the daily grind back in Sweat, South Dakota, or Bump, Texas. And there'll be one or two conventioneers who'll have a hell of a time explaining to the little woman

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why they have to visit old Doc Gooch for a shot or two of penicillin.

But they'll settle in. Convention delegates are remarkable people, not like you or me. Let me tell you about one. I can't remember his name now, but I'll call him Charlie. I met him in Phoenix, where I'd gone to teach in 1971.

After a political mumble I'd given to a small group in Phoenix, Charlie invited me to a party at his house. It was a handsome, sprawling, one-story Southwestern house, and Charlie, a happy fellow with pink eyes, was especially proud of the sound system he'd just installed. And tonight, he told us, we were in for a special treat. And a grand treat it was.

After a few drinks, Charlie disappeared into another room. Suddenly the lights went down, and the strobe lights came on, and Charlie's air-conditioned house literally shook with the noise. There were trumpets. There were drums. And suddenly there was a woman with a Ubangi voice shrieking something nearly unintelligible which proved to be "Nixon's the One." It was an LP, with a dozen or so versions of that memorable work—Duke Ellington played it, if I remember correctly, and people like Sammy Davis and the Ubangi maiden sang it. Charlie broke out some funny Republican convention hats and some noisemakers, and he and his friends marched around the house, singing along and shouting, "four more years."

A memorable evening indeed, lacking only a recording of Frank Sinatra singing "My Kind of Guy, Ted Agnew Is." Later, when we finished the roll call and the mood turned mellow, Charlie put on the collected speeches of Douglas MacArthur and told me about himself. I don't remember what he did for a living—sold drapes, perhaps. But that was incidental. The important thing was that since 1964, Charlie had been going to Republican conventions as a delegate. He was going to Miami in '72, and he hoped to continue to go until he was called to his reward by the Big Pol in the sky. And although he didn't say so, I'm sure that Charlie believed that heaven would very closely resemble one huge and continuous political convention, with an eternal supply of signs and hats and noisemakers and bands and speeches and roll call votes.

I never saw Charlie again after that. Our interests didn't quite coincide. And given the Republican civil war this time round, he may not have made it to the Kansas City convention. But if he wasn't there in body, his spirit permeated Kemper Arena—and for that matter Madison Square Garden—for Charlie is the quintessential national convention delegate. And with the process of selecting our Presidents ultimately in the hands of men like Charlie, we don't have anything to worry about. Do we? □

BOOK REVIEW

The Genesis Strategy

Stephen H. Schneider (with Lynne E. Mesirow) / Plenum / $14.95

Eugene Bardach

The prophets of ancient Israel were, as everyone knows, largely ignored, despised, and dishonored. Contemporary prophets of ecological doom fare a lot better. They draw large audiences; they receive grants from private philanthropists and liberal foundations; they install sympathizers in high elective and appointive office. How to explain the relatively greater success of these latter-day prophets? Surely it cannot lie in their superior rhetoric. Jeremiah remonstrates with his countrymen: "Even the stork in the heavens knows her times; and the turtle-dove, swallow and crane keep the time of their coming; but my people know not the ordinance of the Lord." Compare this to the utterances of Aurelio Peccei, wealthy founder of the Club of Rome and promoter of the "limits to growth" idea: "The specter of famine is...rising again on the planet—but for the first time so huge as to be called megafamine." The words of Jeremiah are certainly more plangent, more deeply possessing. Yet, it must be admitted that those of Peccei are more lingering, more obsessing.

The difference in favor of Mr. Peccei and his brethren, I believe, lies in the fact that Jeremiah was talking about things people could see and hear, the misdeeds of everyday life, whereas ecological jeremiads, conversely, refer to intangible long-term trends, to "rising" specters, to "increasing stress on the biosphere," and the like. Such problems are perceived only in a half-light, which makes them more intriguing and, paradoxically, more believable. The Old Testament prophets appealed to experience and perception, whereas the latter-day prophets appeal to theory and reason. Indeed ecological jeremiads seem often to contradict experience and perception, for the oceans are not boiling and the seasons come dutifully in their course. Interestingly enough, the psychological theory of cognitive dissonance predicts that, under a wide range of conditions, when evidence contradicts belief, belief is reinforced.

Of course, the prophets of ecological catastrophes have not been completely effective, and converts to the belief in ecological catastrophe are still a minority. Scientific reason is remarkably protoplasmic. Seemingly every prediction that grows from it quickly induces an opposite prediction. Is the global atmosphere warming, cooling, staying the same, or doing some combination of the above? Is the ozone shield (against ultra-violet radiation) being depleted by fluorocarbons, or is there a "natural sink" for these, or does the natural rate of ozone replenishment offset any likely depletion? Respectable scientific opinion can be found in support of all positions. It is important to emphasize, though, that *all* respectable argument on such issues emerges from the protoplasm of scientific reason. Perception, experience, "common sense"—these are simply not relevant tools.

Reason has a dark underside, known since Freud as rationalization. Naturally, all sides to the debate over ecological risks suspect their opponents of rationalizing unstated motives. The "Cassandras" suspect that the "Pollyannas" are enslaved by the habit of optimism, addicted to material comfort, and victimized by pseudo-eternal verities about the subordination of nature to man. The "Pollyannas" suspect that the "Cassandras" are in the service of a decadent (and largely elitist) political reaction against bourgeois culture and capitalist economics. In political polemics such suspicions are made into accusations. These can be very sharp indeed when barbed—as they often are—with the edge of mockery.

Stephen H. Schneider is a climatologist at the Natural Center for Atmospheric Research in Boulder, Colorado. He believes that we are rapidly heading towards big ecological troubles, perhaps catastrophes. He argues his case not merely as a scientist but as an unabashed political advocate. He says a good many unflattering things about our governmental institutions and about scientists in their employ. Yet Schneider is no polemicist, and his tone is entirely free of mockery or any other form of stridency. These stylistic virtues are not

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achieved without some effort on Schneider's part, as he is constantly at pains to remind us throughout the text. No doubt a great deal of the credit for this achievement, as well as for the lucidity of the prose overall, belongs to Schneider's collaborator Lynne Mesirow, whom he describes in his acknowledgements as "a writer."

I would divide ecological risks into two general classes according to their social origin. The first class arises from the highly decentralized organization of human activities (like agriculture, manufacturing, or product use) that create wastes or other "side effects" which increase stress on the biosphere. For instance, it is alleged that oil and other toxic elements dumped into the oceans could destroy enough phytoplankton to disrupt the photosynthetic cycle; that inorganic fertilizers could destroy the humus in the soil and threaten the nitrogen cycle; that pesticide residues and other poisons could build up to deadly levels through progressive concentration in the food web; that the waste heat from energy consumption could build up in the atmosphere until it melts the polar ice cap or triggers other drastic alterations in climate; that the progressive elimination of genetic diversity in plants and animals could leave us vulnerable to widespread crop failures; that the stratospheric ozone shield could be destroyed by aerosol sprays; and so on.

Schneider emphasizes a second class of ecological risks, which arise from publicly sponsored and managed large-scale manipulations of climate or geography. He offers some genuinely alarming speculation as to what might happen if national interest and technocratic hubris were to become routine allies pressed into service against the actuality or the expectation of chronic food shortages. Clearing the forests of the Amazon for cropland could result in serious and adverse regional effects, and could even affect weather patterns in areas thousands of miles away. Melting the Arctic Ocean ice pack could conceivably boost Soviet agriculture in several different ways, but there is a "definite possibility," according to Schneider, that this would indirectly lead to another glaciation of Canada and Europe.

However indirect the causal linkages, climatic changes in one region do pop up in distant regions. But climatological theory is still so primitive that Schneider cannot tell us much more than that "the climatic system cannot be 'kicked' very hard in one place without 'bulging' elsewhere." For the workings of the "climatic system"—atmosphere, oceans, land, and ice—are little understood. Some of the main scientific tools for probing the system are computerized simulation models, and of course it is through such models alone that one can hope to predict the consequences of massive land clearance or weather modification projects. Unfortunately, the measurements these models need (such as simple temperature data) are often crude and, at best, very patchy. With regard to issues of climatic disturbance and control, therefore, we must probably look forward to a future riddled with scientific uncertainty and political controversy.

The implications of this uncertainty are themselves unclear. That human values must weight the relevant risks of alternative courses of action is obvious. What is not so obvious—because it seems so often to be ignored—is that for certain kinds of problems *no* course of action (including inaction) is free from uncertainty and risk. DDT, after all, is suspected of inducing mortality and ecological stress in the long run; but in the short run the ban on DDT is suspected of increasing deaths from malaria. Schneider's general inclination is, of course, to be "conservative" with respect to ecological issues. But he also goes several steps beyond the conventional negativist cautions—i.e., "Stop!...Don't!..."—of ecological conservatives, in that he recommends certain new institutions which could *buffer* risk rather than avoid it altogether. The most ingenious proposal (which was aired first in *Science* in an article with William Kellog) is for "no-fault climate disaster insurance," whereby countries involved in climate modification schemes would in effect put up a bond which could be used, if necessary, to compensate unintentionally injured parties. No doubt a more workable idea is his proposal for a food stockpile (the main element of his "Genesis Strategy") to carry the world through periods of temporary and intermittent food shortage —periods which he predicts are imminent if not already upon us.

As these proposals perhaps suggest, the main difficulty with preventing ecological disruption and hedging against its possibility is political rather than scientific. The imperfections of American domestic politics will be negligible compared to those of international politics. Schneider's recommendations for how to cope with these problems are terribly naive, being suffused with the romance of international cooperation, but their failings simply reflect the magnitude of the problem at hand. International cooperation to mitigate the risks of serious ecological damage will probably be as elusive as cooperation to reduce the risk of war and international terrorism. This is not a welcome situation, but at least it is familiar. □

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¡Viva Vivas! proclaim the friends, colleagues and former students of philosopher Eliseo Vivas. Introduction by Henry Regnery, thoughtful essays by Hugh Kenner, Russell Kirk, Peter J. Stanlis, Stephen J. Tonsor and others.
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BOOK REVIEW

¡Viva Vivas!

Edited by Henry Regnery / Liberty Press / $7.95

A. James McAdams

Eliseo Vivas, educator, philosopher, and literary critic, is celebrating his seventy-fifth birthday this year. His has been, without a doubt, a distinguished career. As one of America's leading conservative intellectuals, Vivas has taught at some of the finest colleges in the country, including the University of Chicago and the University of Wisconsin. He has been remarkably prolific, publishing widely on such diverse topics as ethics, literature, and the philosophy of aesthetics, and has received well-deserved acclaim for his seminal works, *The Moral Life and the Ethical Life*, *D.H. Lawrence: The Failure and Triumph of Art*, and *Contra Marcuse*. Above all, he has been a staunch and defiant defender of traditionalist values and standards of judgment, and a consistent and capable opponent of the liberal reformist and quasi-Marxist world views which currently infest the American landscape. In light of Vivas' great accomplishment, therefore, it is fitting that Henry Regnery and a host of well-known scholars, including Erich Heller, William Couch, Hugh Kenner, and Murray Krieger, have compiled the *Festschrift*, *¡Viva Vivas!*

¡Viva Vivas! is a difficult book to describe, because much like the works of the man it honors, it covers a vast array of subjects, the virtual gamut of the scholarly enterprise. On the one hand the reader encounters personal impressions of Vivas, on the other an assortment of learned essays—a discourse on Schopenhauer, a critique of Kantian aesthetics, a Joycean analysis of language. Yet there is a strain of thought common to the essays in this collection, and that is their celebration of Vivas' insatiable "quest for certainty" and his uncompromising disdain for epistemological relativism. Against the social theories of those *grands simplificateurs* who would champion science and psychology over culture and morality, Vivas has tendered the pursuit of the "sustaining intellectual and moral structures of civilization." Unlike other theorists, he has sought not to change the world, but rather to understand it. And his philosophical tool in this quest has been that of ontological realism, that position which maintains that "values are real or antecedent to our discovery of them." Values are peculiar kinds of facts which undergird the civilized society, and all of our acts, whether cultural, political, or artistic, are perforce subject to such standards. For Vivas, and for most of the contributors to this *Festschrift*, our only alternative to this outlook would be a blind and impotent positivism which would negate the very ethical purpose of the business of philosophy.

Whether ontological realism is a philosophically sound position is a matter of debate. There are those—including this reviewer—who are inclined to think that its shortcomings are manifold. But even withstanding philosophical controversy, one cannot deny the enormous contributions which Vivas has made. He has taken values and modern culture seriously and, in doing so, has lived up to his own description of the truly humanist teacher, he who conceives "the fundamental problem today, yesterday and always to stave off the snarling beasts of barbarism that are always and everywhere on the alert to get out of their inward cages into which culture drives them." To the extent that Vivas has succeeded in hindering the onslaught of today's barbarians, our debt to him is immense. ¡Viva Vivas! □

A. James McAdams is a graduate student in political science at the University of California, Berkeley.

BOOK REVIEW

The Case Against the Reckless Congress

Edited by Congresswoman Marjorie Holt / Green Hill / $1.95

Baron Von Kannon

In the first of the three scheduled debates with Jimmy Carter, President Ford displayed a new eagerness to attack the Democratic Congress. In response to a question concerning the anti-Washington mood of the country, Ford insisted that the Democrats in Congress are Washington's major problem and he urged his own re-election in order to "check their excesses with my vetoes."

If Mr. Ford plans to continue his attack on Congress, he would do well to read *The Case Against the Reckless Congress*, a book of essays by nineteen conservative Republican Congressmen, covering a wide range of public policy questions. It is filled with statistics, shocking examples of flagrant waste, cute examples of frivolous waste, voting records, and a set of what Republicans like to call "constructive alternatives" to the Democrats' proposals. It is, in short, a book of useful campaign rhetoric.

Mr. Ford is not the only person who would benefit from this book. It is a useful source of information for political activists and others who want to understand a responsible conservative perspective on major political questions.

Now this does not mean that the book deals with *all* of the issues. Neglected are those topics which seem to fascinate the intellectualoids. It includes nothing about Daniel Schorr, for example, or the CIA, or the pardon of the Incumbent's Hated Predecessor. But it does treat serious issues which concern most people: taxes, energy, inflation, foreign policy, government regulation, education, welfare, the environment, and so on.

The book argues that many of America's problems were caused by reckless and foolish action (and occasional inaction) on the part of Congress. If we are to solve these problems, Congress must act to balance the budget, get the regulators off the backs of business, maintain a strong defense posture, allow the free market to operate, and—perhaps most important—allow citizens to make more decisions for themselves.

While most of the essays are useful, three stand above the rest. Congressman Jack Kemp's ideas on tax reform are imaginative and, as the *Wall Street Journal* has noted recently, deserve consideration. He analyzes the defects of our current tax policy, and discusses his proposed Jobs Creation Act which is aimed

Baron Von Kannon is publisher of The Alternative *and Kapellmeister of the Saturday Evening Club.*

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at decreasing unemployment, increasing capital formation, and stabilizing prices.

Congressman Philip Crane's views on health care are especially timely. In the face of proposals for national health insurance, he praises our present system for its success in keeping America healthy at a relatively low cost, and urges Americans to examine the deterioration of health care in Great Britain since that country adopted its National Health Service.

Congressman Floyd Spence's concluding essay on defense is an exceptionally good summary of the pro-defense point of view. "Today the deterrence of war is as important a function of military strength as the capacity to fight wars and win them," Spence writes. "Thus, the most highly visible components of a nation's military strength may never be used, and may thus come ultimately to be taken for granted."

The book's weaknesses are those common to most collections of essays. There is some repetition. The writing is a bit uneven. And issues of varying importance are treated equally: questions of energy policy and civil service reform, for example, are each given one chapter.

This book of essays contains an additional weakness: it is written by politicians, who by nature tend to strut. Some of the chapters are marred by the constant use of the first person singular, and one Congressman-essayist got so carried away that he labeled some banal and wordy paragraph "Steiger's Law."

But enough criticism. The book is a useful tool for both junior and senior politicoes and it deserves wide readership. □

THE WONDERBOY AT MIDPASSAGE
(continued from page 4)

goody-goody, and speed reading. LBJ was a cauldron of passions, Henry Kissinger breaks from diplomacy to visit the *Jeu de Paume*, even the hellish Nixon battered Chopin on his piano. Notifications that Jimmy immerses himself in Niebuhr, Wagner, and Dylan Thomas are so much claptrap. He has no more capacity for the higher intellection than for baking soufflés. The essential Jimmy is the automaton who criss-crosses America serving up his laodicean banalities in a set discourse that is unique to all American political rhetoric. Though hailed as the political marvel of the hour, not one pol has aped his appallingly insipid sermonic, and my guess is that not one will. Even an American politician has his limits.

That this philistine is the candidate espoused by the *New York Review of Books* and promoted by all the modern sophisticates is the most amusing spectacle since the Catholics discovered JFK's randiness. But the spectacle of it also illuminates the barrenness of our era. Think of it! The morality-and-enlightenment claque, the fastidious moralists who banished Nixon, have taken as their own a second-generation Babbitt, dismissing from their formidable consciences the blatancy of his fibs and the tedious philistinism of his hollow character. If ever one needed evidence that mere power is the moderns' only serious value, their endorsement of the Wonderboy provides evidence in profusion. Power to gratify a ravenous and ridiculous ego is the moderns' most holy sacrament, indeed their only one. So they will hold their noses and spout for Jimmy. He is the Democrats' Nixon, a ruthless, relentless pursuer of power; and that is the whole of him. Agreed, it is revolting to listen to that limp, desiccated rhetoric and to witness his bald position-taking, but it is amusing to observe such moderns as Norman Mailer as they fabricate from mere nothingness an *interesting*, *decent*, *pleasant* man, a Protestant JFK. As I see it, they are attempting to turn swine flu into an aphrodisiac. Our Jimmy is a case to be inoculated against. □

There is
opportunity
in America!

Sarkes Tarzian Inc. Bloomington, Indiana

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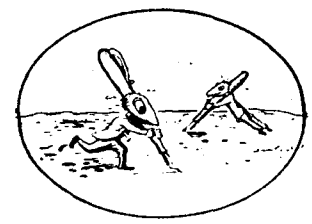
AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS

by
Gerald Uba



The Center for the Study of Psychoeconomics

Purpose and History

The Center for the Study of Psychoeconomics (founded in 1967) is an active scholarly institution organized around a small group of scholars, businessmen, economists, and former mental health workers.

In general, the Center concerns itself with the analysis of public policy in its broadest aspects, encompassing the neglected areas of transcendental and psychic phenomena, with particular emphasis on econometrics. The CSP hopes to encourage ultradisciplinary study so as to foster a greater awareness of the interpenetration, and if you're not careful, the crossfertilization of history, politics, economics, and numbers, especially numbers.

The founder and director of the Center is Prof. Frederick S. Keynes, of MIT. Prof. Keynes' early researches into macroeconometric theory led him directly to the study of the occult, and then beyond to psychoanalysis. During the most intense period of the McCarthyite hysteria, Prof. Keynes was forced to resign his graduate fellowship at Millard Fillmore College; however, he resumed his research at the State University of New York at Attica, and upon release he joined with a community of like-minded scholars, students, and ex-convicts to form in 1957 the Institute for Quantitative Astrology. Despite continual harassment from envious dogmatic academicians, snide elitist mediacs, and fraud investigation units, the Institute began regularly to issue astroeconometric forecasts of the past and future. In 1967, the Institute merged with the Center for the Study of Mathematical Psychiatry to form the Center for the Study of Psychoeconomics.

In 1969, Prof. Keynes was awarded the first Nostradamus Chair in Economics at the Maldive Islands Theological College, where he currently teaches and resides.

Gerald Uba, an Aquarius, teaches data processing at the Chester Arthur Institute of Technology.

Publications

The principal vehicle for public circulation of the Center's work is its sporadic journal, *Psychoeconometrica* (formerly the *Journal of Economics and Astrology*). In addition, the Center makes available books, pamphlets, and reprints that may be of interest to students and professionals in the field. Views represented in these publications are not necessarily those of the Center or its associates, but are sometimes chosen to demonstrate the stupidity of our critics.

Articles in the Current Issue of Psychoeconometrica

Keynes, F.S., "Economic Prospects for 1969." The stellar economist reveals his prognostications for the performance of the United States and other key economies during 1969, with a new special section on the Maldive Islands. Prof. Keynes again employs the same technical methodology which brought him fame when, as an assistant lecturer at the Aaron Burr Mechanical and Agricultural College in 1947, he with uncanny precision predicted that an intense and protracted recession would ensue in 1929. Utilizing calculations based on the positions of the stars and planets at the exact time of the founding of the Wharton School, Prof. Keynes peels away the confusing layers of real and monetary factors to uncover the actual determinants of economic performance: numbers. Prof. Keynes gives us the lowdown on the fates, futures, and destinies of the top newsmakers of the year—the GNP, CPI, unemployment rate, prime rate, level of excess reserves, Dow Jones average, NASDAQ Index, M_1-M_7 (and Keynes' own unique measure of the money supply, πM^2), all seventeen measures of the balance of payments, and many, many more. And, as an added attraction for fine-tuning fans, Prof. Keynes adds another ten thousand digits to the value of pi, which he has been relentlessly calculating since his introduction to the renowned mathematical value at the age of eleven.

Agnew, S., "Financial Management of Real Estate in a Liberal Society." The author, an experienced expert on zoning laws and building standards codes, discusses some of the unexpected complications which arise when you try to build something on your own land with your own money when the public interest must be taken into account. The tax advantages of paying consultant fees and making political contributions over a period of time, rather than in single lump sums, are analyzed in several case studies.

Cavanaugh, A., "Sex Discrimination in the Corpse-Processing Industry." Examines employment patterns in the Los Angeles SMSA in the occupational classifications of grief counselor, embalmer, pall-bearer, gravedigger, and cadaver. Ms. Cavanaugh finds that although more than 50% of the population is female, less than 50% of the bodies buried in the period covered by her study (January 3, 1974-January 4, 1974) were those of women. A program of affirmative action is proposed.

Burns, A., "Carcinogenic Properties of Gold: A Speculative Inquiry."

Towhead, B., "Are Irrational Numbers Immoral?" The indeterminacy of pi as a cause of hyperactivity in schoolchildren is explored. The author argues that 3.14 is good enough. He also considers the proposition that improper nouns should not be taught in elementary schools.

McGovern, G. and T. Eagleton, "Suggested Parameters for Seasonal Adjustments." A legislative proposal for energy conservation. The authors recommend Congressional approval of their Seasonal Adjustment Act, which would require that summer last until at least November, and compel spring to begin no later than February. They argue that by any modern standard of equity or fairness, the colder-weather seasons should not be allocated more than 25% of the year, rather than the unconscionable 50% which they currently receive, a gross disproportion which can only stem from callous greed with no regard for social responsibility. →

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Upcoming Articles in Psychoeconometrica

Fehler, A., "Fine-tuning the Economy: the Brazilian Experience." In 1500, Pedro Cabral left Portugal for the west coast of Africa but got lost and discovered Brazil instead. Prof. Fehler contends that critics of discretionary monetary and fiscal policy, like Cabral, miss the whole point.

Commoner, B., "Rats, Lice, and Capitalism." Although the bubonic plague may not have been started by private enterprise, the profit motive was certainly no cure for the ills of that troubled society. The Black Death is discussed as evidence for the necessity of socialism.

Bishop, J., "The Day Keynes Died." An analysis of the theory of time preference from a macroeconomic perspective, with particular attention to long-run effects.

Verdi, G., "The Consumption Function in *La Traviata*." How the principles of economics may contribute to the dramatic elements of an operatic theme. Violetta, in the final act, dies of Y-(c(Y-T) + I + G + X-(M + mY)). Beverly Sills as Violetta. The New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Aldo Ceccato.

Allende, S., and L. Brezhnev, "Tierra del Fuego: Socialist Dream and Imperialist Stab in the Back." The failure of the tourist industry in the "rock garden spot of South America" is attributed to insufficient U.S. aid and unfair foreign competition. Slanderous reports of cannibalism are refuted by proof that the deaths of tourists had actually been caused by starvation. Suggests massive redevelopment loans and a redistribution of climate.

Cage, A., "Have Your Cake and Eat It Too." An application of Keynesian fiscal policy to home economics.

Marx, M., "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to Utopia." Reminiscences of the author's great-grand-uncle, Karl. Chock full of delightful anecdotes, many of them published only a few times before. □

BOOK REVIEW

Mencken's Last Campaign: H. L. Mencken on the 1948 Election
Edited by Joseph C. Goulden / The New Republic Book Company / $8.95

William H. Nolte

When asked by a reporter from *Life* Magazine in 1946 if he would rather be called "The Sage of Baltimore" or "The Man Who Hates Everything," H. L. Mencken replied that he didn't care a damn what the reporter or anyone else called him "just so long as you don't call me an old dodo sneaked out of the dissecting room." He then added that it was "a little inaccurate" to say that he hated everything. "I am," he insisted, "strongly in favor of common sense, common honesty, and common decency. This makes me forever ineligible to any public office of trust or profit in the Republic." Fortunately for us, possession of those high qualities did not, except in time of war when free speech is severely limited, prevent Mencken from performing biopsies on most of the political animals roaming the land between 1900 and 1948. Indeed, he took to politicoes much as a tom takes to catnip. By his own admission he delighted in the vulgar and the obscene. Hence his abiding interest in the mephitic art of the rabblerouser.

Reading this collection of Mencken's articles, resurrected from the files of the *Baltimore Sun*, I was struck all over again by his amazing ability to condense enormous amounts of information into succinct phrases that bite and sting, and, above all, by his use of metaphor and hyperbole as a kind of shorthand. Although in his 68th year and nearing the end of his long career as premier gadfly of the Republic, Mencken had lost none of the vibrancy of his earlier years. If this collection falls a good deal short of his *Carnival of Buncombe* (1956), which covers the years from 1920 to 1936, it should still reward his customers, and it will certainly surprise those readers who have only a passing acquaintance with his work.

For example, some readers may be perplexed by his admiration for the Socialist Norman Thomas, since Mencken, who believed that capitalism was less a human contrivance than it was a reflection of natural laws, always said that his last act on the gallows would be to lift a hoot at socialism and all its moon-struck apostles. Still, he wrote that those who heard Thomas speak in Baltimore ("this great medieval city") enjoyed "a rare and exhilarating pleasure, to wit, that of listening to a political speech by a really intelligent and civilized man."

It may also surprise readers to find Mencken saying kind things about Strom Thurmond, the Dixiecrat candidate. Thurmond was sadly handicapped "by the fact that all the worst morons in the South are for him." But he also had the backing, Mencken admitted, "of some of the best men and women below the Potomac," though to be sure there were few such people, certainly not enough to make any impression on the rest of the country. As for Thurmond's hope that "his holy crusade for States' Rights" might throw the election into the House of Representatives, Mencken concluded: "In national campaigns the candidates of third parties always cherish that hope. But it hasn't been realized in seven or eight hundred years."

Mencken's most severe censure was reserved for Henry Wallace and his Progressive Party. He detected a flavor of religious awe in the Philadelphia Convention Hall where the Progressives gathered to anoint the gullible Swami: "If, when he is nominated today, he suddenly sprouts wings and begins flapping about the hall, no one will be surprised." Concerning his running mate, a banjo-playing Senator from Idaho named Glen Taylor, Mencken wrote, "Soak a radio clown for ten days and ten nights in the rectified juices of all the cow-state Messiahs ever heard of, and you have him to the life." Two months later, with the campaign in full swing, he commented again on Taylor: "He is cheap, vulgar and stupid. To look at him is to laugh; to hear him is to bust into tears."

Following Truman's startling victory on the first Tuesday in November Mencken wrote that Dewey's defeat probably resulted from defects in his personality and his incompetence as a rabblerouser. An inordinate snob, Dewey, unlike Truman, the compleat democrat, disdained getting down on all-fours with the canaille: "While Dewey was intoning essays sounding like the worst bombast of university professors, Truman was down on the ground, clowning with the circumambient morons. He made votes every time he gave a show, but Dewey lost them." The simple fact is that Truman was the better politician, which is to say he was willing to promise anything to anybody for a vote. Again, I quote that most quotable of all our critics: "If [Truman] did not come out for spiritualism, chiropractic, psychotherapy and extra sensory preception it was only because no one demanded that he do so. If there had been any formidable body of cannibals in the country he would have promised to provide them with free missionaries fattened at the taxpayers' expense."

(*continued on page 37*)

William H. Nolte, chairman of the English department of the University of South Carolina, is the author of H. L. Mencken: Literary Critic.

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CURRENT WISDOM

Chicago Tribune

The cruel plight of one Romont Parris, who —but for the depredations of our capitalist system—might well have his health, his dignity, and several stupendous novels to his credit:

Medicaid records would lead you to believe that Romont Parris must be one of the sickest men in Illinois and possibly the world.

But Chicago police, who arrested him last week, suspect that Parris, 38, of 2244 W. Jackson Blvd., is part of yet another scheme to cheat the welfare system. Parris could not be reached for comment.

Illinois Department of Public Aid records show that Parris ran up more than $20,000 in Medicaid bills in a 17-month period ending May 31.

During that period, Parris had 1,650 prescriptions for drugs filled in his behalf. That's more than three prescriptions each day. The average number of prescriptions filled for a welfare recipient in 17 months is 20.

In addition, Parris visited doctors 359 times, or about twice every three days, had 58 medical laboratory tests, and was a patient in hospitals nine times. He consulted eye specialists 57 times and foot specialists eight times.

Public aid records show that Parris' wife, Edwina, and their two children also ran up Medicaid bills during the period, but not quite at the same rate.

The medical file of the Parris family for Jan. 1, 1975 through May 31, 1976, consists of 56 pages of single-spaced entries. It is almost a half-inch thick and was compiled by the state controller's office from records of the Public Aid Department.

Since every entry was covered by Medicaid, the tax-financed program for giving medical care to the poor, each was paid by the federal and state governments.

The taxpayers also paid the fare for the taxis in which Parris rode to the doctors' offices, clinics, and drugstores, records show.

John Rawski, the Chicago police detective who arrested Parris, said he did so while investigating a racket in which doctors write drug prescriptions for public aid recipients who then sell them to drug users. [*September 26, 1976*]

The New Republic

Mr. John Hersey chronicles a luscious indulgence extended to Madame Lillian Hellman, Ritualistic Liberalism's preeminent "moral force":

Nothing gives this girl greater pleasure than to be shocking. She knows I was born in China and love and respect the Chinese, so whenever I'm around, her universe is suddenly thronged with chinks. Niggers, kikes, and idiot WASPs crowd tales told to prim folks. [*September 18, 1976*]

The New Statesman

England's tough-minded *New Statesman* plays a variation on the old democratic adage, the price of liberty is eternal equanimity:

The Soviets are using their navy to flex their Great Power muscles around the globe—and short of blockade and war there is nothing that can be done to prevent this. Nor is there much to get so alarmed about. [*March 5, 1976*]

Jimmy Carter

Examples of the Wonderboy's swell fluency, from an edgy reporter condemned to accompany him through the whole bloody campaign:

The United States Government, he likes to say, is an instrument "on which we can predicate answers to difficult questions." Asked in Columbus, Ohio, the other day to discuss his opponent, Mr. Carter said, "I have never insinuated any lack of knowledge that President Ford is an honest and sincere person." Perhaps feeling he was getting on swampy ground, Mr. Carter then supplied his own translation: "He is an honest man."

[*New York Times, September 13, 1976*]

Jimmy Carter

Reporter Charles Mohr records one of Jimmy Carter's more memorable oratorical explosions:

The nation needs a better system of health, he said, and the crowd roared. He enjoyed good health as a Georgia farm boy, Mr. Carter added, because then, doctors tried to prevent diseases—typhoid, typhus, cholera, smallpox, polio. As he went through this somber catalog of illnesses, the enthusiasm was somewhat deadened. "The doctors," Mr. Carter said to his baffled audience, "tried to immunize me against those diseases—and quite often they succeeded."

[*New York Times, September 13, 1976*]

People's Bicentennial Commission

Mr. Jeremy Rifkin, esteemed director of the People's Bicentennial Commission, discourses upon the causes of the American Revolution:

Look, we got the same problem we had 200 years ago. After a while they started to really dislike the monarchy, but the monarchy was perpetual, divine, everlasting, would always be here and everyone ran around the colonies saying King George is getting on our nerves; I think he's a little wacko. But what would we do without a monarchy? There's no other way to organize our life. Can you imagine not having a monarchy? And then this guy comes along named Tom Paine, very disagreeable fellow, bad personal habits, common alcoholic, never washed. He was like Malcolm X. You ever heard of Malcolm X? Like Malcolm X. Now he came down here on earth and came over to America to Philadelphia and he said, I am really basically (he said to himself) I'm ashamed to be part of the human race cause you are so stupid, you people. You fools, you dumb, dumb, dumb people. He said you think that monarchy was divinely inspired, that God put the monarchy here; you're so dumb. I'll prove to you that the monarchy was put here by plain old people and it's just a set of rules. So he writes this little book, *Common Sense*, traces monarchy back to its origin four or five hundred years earlier and sure enough he finds out that people made the monarchy. During one period of time in British history, English history, basically some ruffians came in one day and said, we the landlords, you, the serfs; start toiling that soil.

[*The Great Bicentennial Debate*, 1976, The Heritage Foundation]

New York Review of Books

Madame Diane Johnson reveals some little known information about a remote section of the Great Republic:

How can one explain the reluctance of people in the Midwest to recognize what was happening in Vietnam? In part it may have been simple lack of information. Midwesterners who go to live elsewhere learn fast enough—and many express the feeling that there was much they had not heard at home, especially from the Midwestern press. [*August 5, 1976*]

New York Times

Reporter Donald Janson displays the prodigious narrative gifts demanded of the modern courtroom reporter in this era of meticulous justice:

The defendant entered the courtroom appearing wan and pallid. His black hair was uncombed. The full beard that he had worn for the last year had been shaved off by a Bergen County jail barber. He wore an ill-fitting dark blue jacket, no socks and unlaced brown shoes.

Soon after he sat down he began moaning, making a noise that sounded something like a sheep's "baa."

Then he started pulling at his red and gold striped tie, stretching it around behind his head and holding it up like a noose.

Then he began alternately singing and chanting "Aah" at different pitches....

After Mr. Kallinger had been quiet for a few minutes, Judge Dalton entered from his chambers to begin jury selection. Mr. Kallinger, after hearing his attorney respond to the judge's question that the defendant was in court, resumed his gyrations and began calling out, "Maaaaaa..."

"Mr. Kallinger, are you not feeling well at the present time?" Judge Dalton asked. The only response was loud sucking sounds.

"Mr. Kallinger, I expect you to conduct yourself in a proper manner," the judge said. "I would like your undivided attention. Did you hear me?"

"Oh, aw, raa," Mr. Kallinger sang, to the accompaniment of more sucking and kissing sounds.

Then Judge Dalton began to introduce the attorneys, only to be interrupted by a ringing "wha, hooooo."

"We'll have Mr. Kallinger removed," the judge said. [*September 15, 1976*]

Washington Post

Mr. Joseph Kraft delivers up a colossal laudation for President Gerald R. (Jerry) Ford:

But he has backed into the right stances. He accepted defeat in Vietnam. [*June 15, 1976*]

Rolling Stone

After pondering Alexander Solzhenitsyn's June 30, 1975 speech to the AFL-CIO a Rolling Stonian scribe makes a truly horrifying discovery:

The Solzhenitsyn diatribe was nothing less than an historic event, for it flashed the word to cold warriors that it was finally safe to come out of the bunker. And out they came. The myth of the communist monolith, discredited in the Sixties, made an overnight comeback. [*August 12, 1976*]

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS
(continued from page 2)

¶ By the end of the month the lugubrious press conference of First Lieut. Viktor I. Belenko's wife shed considerable light on the young pilot's motives for landing his top secret Foxbat MIG-25 in Japan and seeking asylum in the United States. Since his September 6 landing, rumors have been circulating within the intelligence community that poor Mr. Belenko's wife suffers from what Kremlinologists term the "Mrs. Ivan Syndrome," but when she appeared before the cameras there could no longer be any doubt that her condition was far gone. In head and body she is reminiscent of the late Nikita Khrushchev. In personality she seems to be at one with Stalin. Even her tearful entreaties revealed a note of fierceness, convincing old hands in the Central Intelligence Agency that Mr. Belenko would have a better time of it married to an American grizzly bear. In Sweden a coalition of moderate parties ended the Socialists' forty-four-year domination of that country's politics and Prime Minister Olof Palme's seven-year tirade against the United States. Miss Patty Hearst was sentenced to seven years in the calaboose for her flamboyant tests of the Bill of Rights, and two Illinois men were arrested for attempting to sell a stolen flamingo to a northern Illinois zoo.

¶ Mr. Daniel Schorr, the selfless civil libertarian, has won his struggle to overcome the vengeful House Ethics Committee and is well on his way to becoming a 1970s eminence of the first water. It has been all uphill for the dowdy, middle-aged sourpuss whose saturnine visage has always given viewers of his TV news reports the impression that his bowels were locked in a tumultuous struggle with an enormous and intrepid fecal impaction. Yet Mr. Schorr was principled enough to lay hands on some top-secret government documents and to peddle them to newspapers. Soon he will be spoken of in the same hushed tones generally reserved by the enlightened for such patriots as Messrs. Daniel Ellsberg and Alger Hiss. The British pound sank to $1.64 on September 28, and all indications are that it will continue to follow the Empire into oblivion. A man accused of armed robbery and aggravated assault would not generally be suspected of also being a fuddy duddy, but St. Petersburg's Mr. Richard Michael Laury, a convicted criminal, when faced with the news that he had been born out of wedlock some forty-six years earlier became "frustrated, angry and confused," and shot his seventy-six-year-old mother dead.

¶ Finally felicitations to Mr. Nelson A. Rockefeller, the *dégagé* Vice President of the United States of America. At Binghamton, New York late in September he articulated the long-simmering aspirations of millions of Americans when he responded in kind to a pack of protesting brats who saluted him with vertical middle fingers. So stylish was Mr. Rockefeller's gesticulation that this distinguished intellectual review asked him to review the recent muckraking book about him, *I Never Wanted To Be Vice President of Anything*, for—as assistant managing editor Joseph P. Duggan said in his letter to Mr. Rockefeller—"We consider you the preeminent authority on the subject and the only pol in America who really has been reborn." The literary world awaits Mr. Rockefeller's reply almost as much as we await his next joyous political appearance. —*RET*

MENCKEN'S LAST CAMPAIGN
(continued from page 35)

Mencken aficionados, and particularly members of the Fourth Estate who are not illiterate, a reservation that still leaves a sizeable minority, are fond of asking when and if we shall ever see his like again. Try to imagine what great fun he would have, and hence we would have, with all those who have been lusting this year for the imperial crown: the twice-born Jimmy Carter (the very name makes one giggle), going to and fro and up and down in the Republic, preaching the gospel of Love and Human Kindness, reminding those of us who have forgot that we are all God's children; Ronald Reagan, whose B-movies were vastly superior to his performance as governor of California; and Jerry Ford, perhaps the greatest (albeit unconscious) deadpan comic since the death of vaudeville. And what would he say about the "financially pure" Fritz Mondale, whose illegal "gifts" from the Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Company will probably be found out and exposed by the *New York Times* shortly before all the leaves have turned red this fall?

It's idle to speculate, of course, about what Mencken would say about this most recent crop of Ciceros and Bismarcks, for even if he were to be placed in our midst again, there is little chance that any newspaper would publish him. Mencken's last campaign was not only his last look at a Presidential race but the last such view any of us will again have. And the only ones who will benefit from that melancholy fact are the politicians. □

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor:

James Hitchcock's piece on *Newsweek* in your October issue reminds me that bigotry is in the eyes of the beholder. Mr. Hitchcock cites numerous articles of mine from *Newsweek* and in *every* case totally misrepresents both the tone and contents of those articles. For example, he cites a July 28, 1969 article reporting an editorial attack on the Pope by a Seattle columnist. He doesn't tell *Alternative* readers that *Newsweek* labeled the column in question a "crude caricature" or that the piece was, if anything, a flattering portrait of a Catholic Bishop—Thomas A. Connolly, a former longshoreman—in action. Significantly, *Newsweek* headed the piece, "Defender of the Faith."

Hitchcock's description of my Oct. 4, 1971 cover story, "Has the Church Lost Its Soul?," would be enough to flunk a high school freshman. As the article made clear, "soul" is a sociological construct, the nuances of which obviously escape Mr. Hitchcock. The key paragraph:

> The "soul" of the U.S. church—an integral Catholic subculture with its own distinctive blend of rituals and rules, mystery and manners—has vanished from the American scene. And the hurt of private loss is clearly discernible in the personal responses that were part of the *Newsweek* survey.

Does the above sound like "evident satisfaction"? That survey, by the way, done for us by the Gallup Organization, showed among other things that "nine out of ten respondents were unable to name a single decision by the National Conference of Catholic Bishops that they considered important to their lives." It also showed that nearly as many Catholics "rely on Protestant evangelist Billy Graham for religious direction as look to the authoritative teachings of the Pope." We reported those facts, we didn't make them up. We also offered hope that out of this crisis American Catholicism would find a new sense of peoplehood—but Mr. H. did not report that. I suspect he is miffed because we cited Dorothy Day and the Berrigans as pillars of spirituality and Christian Orthodoxy. Poor Mr. Hitchcock has never understood what that phrase means.

By the way, Hitchcock has got the name of *Jane* Whitmore (not "James") wrong—a chauvinist slip? She was for years our distinguished Rome bureau chief. As for me, if I am to be labeled a "dissenting" Catholic, I'd like to know what I am dissenting from, other than Mr. Hitchcock's ignorance and sloppy "scholarship."

In short, Mr. H. sets some kind of record for errors in a single article and proves once more that many professors cannot write proper English. Kind of scares you when you learn he is a professor of history. A biographical note: *The Decline and Fall of Radical Catholicism* is *not* Hitchcock's most recent book*; it was his first. Not that it matters much. I reviewed that book years ago for the *National Catholic Reporter* and found it wanting in accuracy, analysis, balance, and, yes, historical sense. Hitchcock has waited a long time, it seems, to strike back. He should have waited longer—or asked for help. Surely there is some Christian soul who will introduce Mr. Hitchcock to the Catholic Church. But they'd better make it simple. He does not understand complex issues, even when explained for the average reader of a mass newsmagazine.

Kenneth L. Woodward
General Editor, Newsweek
New York, New York

Mr. Hitchcock replies:

I will let the readers decide if I have represented the tone of *Newsweek*'s religious coverage accurately. For those unfamiliar with Mr. Woodward's style of journalism, the above letter is a fair sample.

Mr. Woodward's claims about the Seattle incident are disingenuous. If the attack on Pope Paul was merely a "crude caricature," why did *Newsweek* choose to give it national publicity? Archbishop Connolly was characterized as "a solid member of the Church's managerial elite," in obvious contrast to his humble origins. The point of the story was that the archbishop tried to stimulate a Catholic boycott of the newspaper but failed. The overall impression was that the free press had triumphed in the person of a possibly naughty but very amusing columnist.

I have always regarded Dorothy Day as a pillar of Catholic orthodoxy. In my 1971 book, which Mr. Woodward claims to have read, I also accorded that position to Daniel Berrigan (although his present theological positions seem to me far more dubious). It is difficult to credit the alleged note of anguish in *Newsweek*'s coverage of the Catholic crisis, given the magazine's consistently negative and sniping tone towards the church and its leadership.

My article contains numerous examples of Mr. Woodward's dissents from Catholic teaching and Catholic leadership. Many people in the past ten years have found the term "dissenting Catholic" to be a badge of honor. I don't know why Mr. Woodward is bothered by it.

My apologies to Jane Whitmore. Perhaps I am just partial to the name James. However, I did Ms. Whitmore a favor by obscuring her authorship of one of the dirtiest pieces of journalism to have been published in recent years.

Of the dozens of examples in my article Mr. Woodward can find no significant error or example of distortion. I am happy that at least he does not try to defend *Newsweek*'s malicious and tasteless speculation about Pope Paul's mental health and supposedly imminent death. (The Pope is now more than two years behind *Newsweek*'s timetable for his demise. The editors must be furious at such intransigence, so characteristic of his pontificate.

My article about *Newsweek* appeared in a journal with only a small fraction of *Newsweek*'s own circulation. Mr. Woodward replies with indignation and injured innocence. For years he has enjoyed the almost weekly privilege of pilloryin whomever he wills before a mass audience. His victims rarely have even the recourse of a letter to the editor. What is reflected here is something no less unattractive because familiar—the mentality of the bully.

To the Editor:

In his otherwise most perceptive review of my book *The Unseen Revolution* (October 1976) Adam Meyerson faults me for inability to do simple percentages, pointing out that I state the value of stock owned by pension funds as $150 billion and then arrive at this representing 30% of all listed securities, whereas it should have been 20% since the total stock market value of all listed securities as of the end of *1975* was $718.3 billion. Since I was in Fourth Grade I have often been told that my percentage calculations leave a great deal to be desired—and usually for cause. But this time, I had it right. For my figure of $150 billion as the value of pension-fund equity portfolios was not, as Mr. Meyerson states, the value at the end of 1975, but—as my book says quite unequivocally—the value at the end of 1974 when, according to the SEC the total value of all listed securities was around 500 billion dollars. Mr. Meyerson inadvertently divided 1975 values by 1975 figures, that is by figures after twelve months of sharp rises in stock prices. We do not, so far, have official figures for pension-fund holdings as of the end of 1975—at least I haven't seen any. But (a) there is no doubt that they rose sharply as a result of the rise in market prices—though perhaps by less than the market since pension fund managers,

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* *Editor's note*: In our biographical information accompanying James Hitchcock's article, we mistakenly reported *The Decline and Fall of Radical Catholicism* (1971) as his most recent book. Mr. Hitchcock's most recent book is *The Recovery of the Sacred* (1974).

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my book discusses, have so far not excelled as portfolio managers; and (b) that during 1975 the non-institutional pension funds of employes, that is, those of the self-employed (Keogh Plan Funds) and the Individual Retirement Accounts (IRA's) which were established by Congress in 1974 and took off in 1975, rose, by all accounts, very, very fast—how fast we again do not yet know....When I wrote the book, in late 1975, the 1975 figures were of course not available. There is no reason to believe, however, that the percentages were significantly different at the end of 1975 than they had been at the end of 1974.

By the way, employer contributions to pension plans are not, as Mr. Meyerson writes, "*tax-free*" benefits to the employe; they are "*tax-deferred*" as Mr. Meyerson will discover when he reaches retirement age.

Peter F. Drucker
Clarke Professor of
Social Science and Management
Claremont Graduate School
Claremont, California

Mr. Meyerson replies:

Mr. Drucker is correct about the tax benefits of pension plans, but I am afraid I must stand by my assertion that he has overestimated the proportion of stock owned by pension funds. The $150 billion figure which I used to reach my calculation was not, as Mr. Drucker states, the 1974 value of pension-fund equity portfolios. Rather it was an estimate of their value at the end of 1975, which Mr. Drucker himself supplied in the July 19, 1976 issue of *Pensions and Investments*, the pension-fund trade journal.

As I mentioned in my review, however, even if Drucker has overestimated the importance of pension funds, he has performed an invaluable service in calling our attention to their remarkable, but little-remarked, growth. □

To the Editor:

Unlike Spiro Agnew my pockets aren't bulging with Saudi boodle, but like him I follow the Soviet party line in being concerned with the rights of the Palestinian people [See "Current Wisdom" October issue]. It is easier to mock Agnew than to answer the very valid questions he places before the American public.

Just what national interests of America are served by an alliance with Zionism especially when Zionism is the mortal enemy of those Arab states supplying us with from 25% to 30% of our oil needs? How does the separation of Church and State that outlaws any kind of assistance to Catholic schools justify using our tax money to support the establishment of a Jewish religious state in the Mideast?

I'll eat my kaffiyeh when I read an American newspaper investigating the influence of Zionist money and Zionist votes upon the political whores in Congress.

Thomas J. Mullen, Jr.
Whitehouse Station, New Jersey

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